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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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THE SEAT BETWEEN THE TREES.

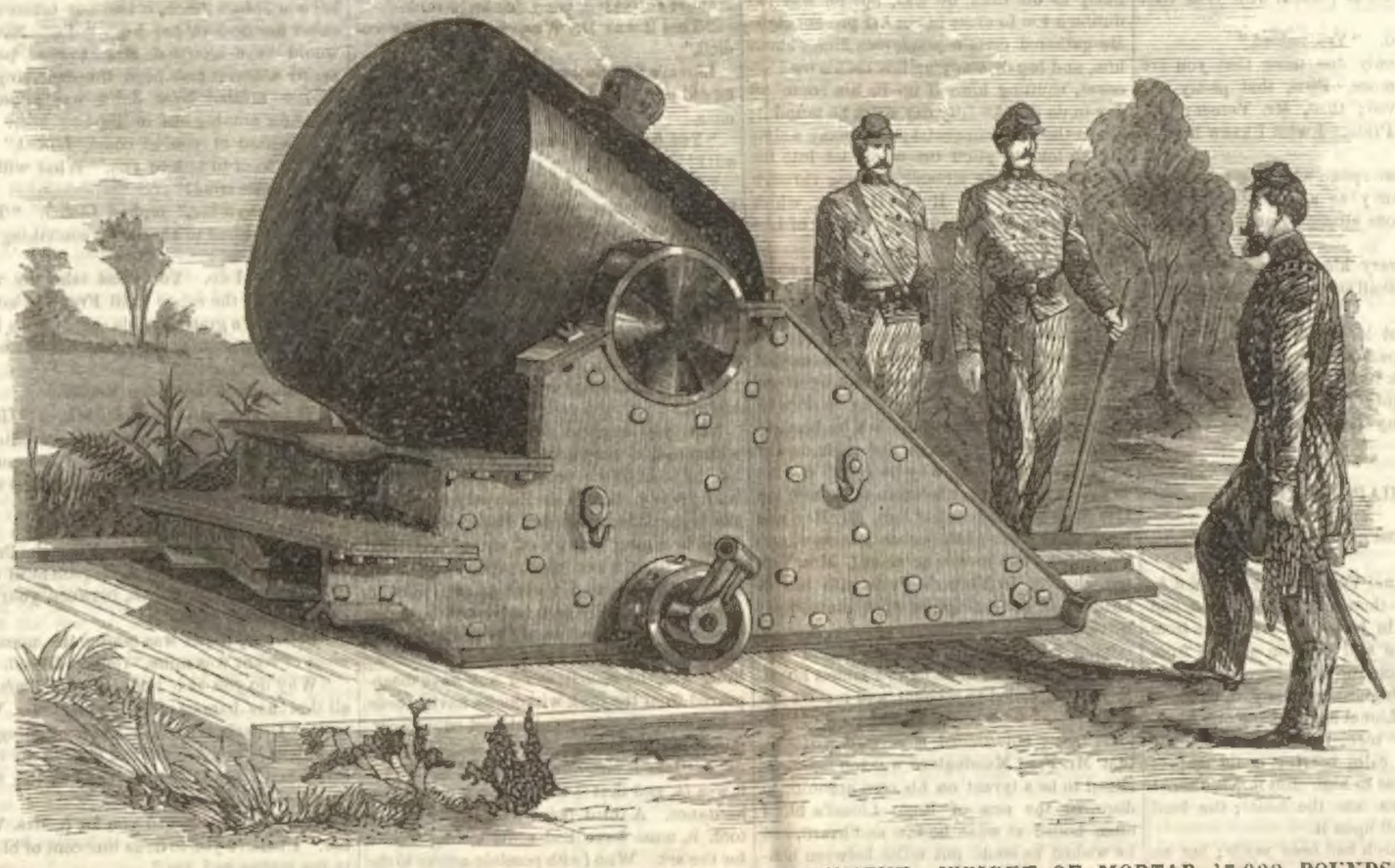
CITY PARK, FAIRMOUNT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Where gentle Schuylkill glides, slow, calm and still,
Unto our hot and dusty city's midst—
Bringing from far-off hilltops cooling dews
To lave the fevered brows of busy men—
I know a pleasant seat.
Upon a bank
That steeply slopes to kiss the river's brim,
A gray old stone is set; and tender moss,
And lichen brown, and graceful twining vines
Spread their soft beauties over its rough front.
On either hand uprising, slim and tall,
A graceful chestnut stands, and overhead
Their branches intermix, and throw a screen
Of checkered shadow over all that place.
In early Spring-time violets grow there,
And small star flow'rs peep out from under stones,
Like elfin eyes, to see if Winter's gone:
But now, in Summer days, when August heats
Make the close city pant, and o'er the pave
The sun rays quiver as they downward glare,
The little cooling winds that Phœbus' beams
Drive from the open fields come there to sleep,
Or playful chase each other through the leaves.
And many a bird, whose eager course has sought
The flies that hover o'er the water's breast,
Here stays his wing amid th' umbrageous boughs,
Until anon, pleased with the stilly rest,
He blesses it in song, and straight departs.

On such a day it chanced I laid me there:
'Twas afternoon, and pleasant to the ear
Came the sweet laugh of children at their play;
The river silent flowed; and on the brink
Beyond, there stood a row of graceful elms
That bent—like that fair Grecian youth of old—
Entranced at their own loveliness, to kiss
Their shadows smiling at them from below.
The sunset sky was radiant repose,
And beams of light had made a golden bridge
Across the shining river at my feet;
So while the influence of the gentle calm
Stole on my heart like sleep that spirits know—
Banishing care and worldliness afar—
Through every sense my soul did still draw in
Lessons of peace and love not learned before,
Lessons our Father teaches unto those
Who strive to "look through Nature up to God."

Aug. 2, 1862. C. V. M.



THIRTEEN-INCH SHELL MORTAR, AS USED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT. WEIGHT OF MORTAR 17,000 POUNDS.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," represents a 13-inch mortar, the largest in general practice, although some are manufactured of even greater calibre. The weight of that represented in our Illustration is about 17,000 lbs., exclusive of the carriage. The number of men required to work one of these guns is seven, for all of whom there is distinct and adequate occupation. Mortars are not used in hand to hand encounters, their value consisting in pitching shells into camps and towns, or shelling fortifications erected on elevations, against which cannon are of no avail. Thus it is supposed they will form a very important arm of our service against Fort Darling.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REVELATION TO LADY VERNER.

It was a terrible blow; there was no doubt of that; very terrible to Lionel Verner, so proud and sensitive. Do not take the word proud in its wrong meaning. He did not set himself up for being better than others, or think everybody else dirt beneath his feet; but he was proud of his independence, of his unstained name—he was proud to own that fine place, Verner's Pride. And now Verner's Pride was dashed from him, and his independence seemed to have gone out with the blow, and a slight seemed to have fallen upon him, if not upon his name.

He had surely counted upon Verner's Pride. He had believed himself as indisputably its heir, as though he had been Stephen Verner's eldest son, and the estate entailed. Never for a moment had a doubt that he would succeed entered his own mind, or been imparted to it from any quarter. In the week that intervened between Mr. Verner's death and burial, he had acted as entire master. It was he who issued orders—from himself now, not from any other—it was he who was appealed to. People, of their own accord, began to call him Mr. Verner. Very peremptory indeed had been a certain interview, of his, with Roy the bailiff. Not, as formerly, had he said, "Roy, my uncle desires me to say so and so;" or, "Roy, you must not act in that way, it would displease Mr. Verner;" but he issued his own clear, and unmistakable orders, as the sole master of Verner's Pride. He and Roy all but came to loggerheads that day; and they would have come quite to it, but that Roy remembered in time that he, before whom he stood, was his head and master—his master to keep him on, or to discharge him at pleasure, and who would brook no more insubordination to his will. So Roy bowed, and eat humble pie, and hated Lionel all the while. Lionel had seen that he did; he had seen how the man longed to rebel, had he dared; and a flush of pain rose to his brow as he remembered that in that interview he had *not* been the master; that he was less master now than he had ever been. Roy would likewise remember it.

Mr. Bitterworth took Lionel aside. Sir Rufus Hautley had gone out after the blow had fallen, when the codicil had been searched for in vain—had gone out in anger, shaking the dust from his feet, declining to act as executor, to accept the mourning-ring, to have to do with anything so palpably unjust. The rest lingered yet; it seemed that they could not talk enough of it, could not tire of bringing forth new conjectures, could not give vent to all the phases of their astonishment.

"What could have been your offence, that your uncle should alter his will, two years ago, and leave the estate from you?" Mr. Bitterworth inquired of Lionel, drawing him aside.

"I am unable to conjecture," replied Lionel. "I find by the date of this will that it was made the week subsequently to my departure for Paris, when Jan met with the accident. He was not displeased with me then, so far as I know—"

"Did you go to Paris in opposition to his wish?" interrupted Mr. Bitterworth.

"On the contrary, he hurried me off. When the news of Jan arrived, and I went to my uncle with the message, he said to me,—I remember his very words,—'Go off at once, don't lose an instant,' and he handed me money for the journey and for my stay; for Jan, also, should any great expense be needed for him; and in an hour I was away on my route. I stayed six months in Paris, as you may remember—the latter portion of the time for my own pleasure. When I did return home, I was perfectly thunderstruck at the change in my uncle's appearance, and at the change in his manners to me. He was a bowed, broken man, with—as it seemed to me—something on his mind; and that I had offended him in some very unfortunate way, and to a great extent, was palpable. I never could get any solution to it, though I asked him repeatedly. I do not know, to this hour, what I had done. Sometimes I would think he was angry at my remaining so long away; but, if so, he might have given me a hint to return, or have suffered some one else to give it, for he never wrote to me."

"Never wrote to you!" repeated Mr. Bitterworth.

"Not once, the whole of the time I was away. I wrote to him often; but if he had occasion to send me a message, Mrs. Verner or Fred Massingbird would write it. Of course this will, disinheriting me, proves that my staying away could not have been the cause of displeasure—it is dated only the week after I went."

"Whatever may be the cause, it is a grievous wrong inflicted on you. He was my dear friend, and we have but now returned laying him in his grave, but still I must speak out my sentiments—that he had no *right* to deprive you of Verner's Pride."

Lionel knit his brow; that he thought the same, that he was feeling the injustice as a crying and unmerited wrong, was but too evident. Mr. Bitterworth had bent his head in a reverie, stealing a glance at Lionel, now and then.

"Is there nothing that you can charge your conscience with; no sin, which may have come to the knowledge of your uncle, and been deemed by him a just cause for disinheritance?" questioned Mr. Bitterworth, in a meaning tone.

"There is nothing, so help me Heaven!" replied Lionel, with emotion. "No sin, no shame; nothing that could be a cause, or the shade of a cause—I will not say for depriving me of Verner's Pride, but even for my uncle's displeasure."

"It struck me—you will not be offended with me, Lionel, if I mention something that struck me a week back," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "I am a foolish old man, given to ponder much over cause and effect—to put two and two together, as we call it; and the day that I first heard from your uncle that he had had good cause (it was what he said) for depriving you of Verner's Pride, I went home and set to work thinking. The will had been made just after John Massingbird's departure for Australia. I brought before me all the events which had occurred about that same time, and there rose up naturally, towering above every other reminiscence, the unhappy business touching Rachel Frost. Lionel,"—laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, and dropping his voice to a whisper—"did you lead the girl astray?"

Lionel drew himself up to his full height, his lip curling with displeasure.

"Mr. Bitterworth!"

"To suspect you never would have occurred to me. I do not suspect you now. Were you to tell me that you were guilty of it, I should have difficulty in believing you. But it did occur to me that possibly your uncle may have cast that blame to you. I saw no other solution of the riddle. It could have been no light cause to induce Mr. Verner to deprive you of Verner's Pride. He was not a capricious man."

"It is impossible that my uncle could have cast a shade of suspicion to me, in regard to that affair," said Lionel. "He knew me better. At the moment of its occurrence, when nobody could tell whom to suspect, I remember a word or two were dropped which caused me to assure him *I* was not the guilty party, and he stopped me. He would not allow me even to speak of defence; he said he cast no suspicion to me."

"Well, it is a great mystery," said Mr. Bitterworth. "You must excuse me, Lionel. I thought Mr. Verner might in some way have taken up the notion. Evil tales, which have no human foundation, are sometimes palmed upon credulous ears for fact, and do their work."

"Were it as you suggest, my uncle would have spoken to me, had it been only to reproach," said Lionel. "It is a mystery, certainly, as you observe; but that's nothing to this mystery of the disappearance of the codicil—"

"I am going, Lionel," interrupted Jan, putting his head round the room-door.

"I must go too," said Lionel, starting from the sideboard against which he had been leaning. "My mother must hear of this business from no one but me."

Verner's Pride emptied itself of its mourners, who betook themselves their respective ways. Lionel, taking the long crape from his hat, and leaving on its deep mourning band alone, walked with a quick step through the village. He would not have *chosen* to be abroad that day, walking the very route where he had just figured, chief in the procession, but, to go without delay to Lady Verner was a duty; and, a duty Lionel would never willingly forego.

In the drawing-room at Deerham Court, in their new black dresses, sat Lady Verner and Decima: Lucy Tempest with them. Lady Verner held out her hand to Lionel when he entered and lifted her face, a strange eagerness visible in its refinement.

"I thought you would come to me, Lionel!" she uttered. "I want to know a hundred things. Decima, have the goodness to direct your reproachful looks elsewhere; not to me. Why should I be a hypocrite, and feign a sorrow for Stephen Verner which I do not feel? I know it is his burial day as well as you know it; but I will not make that a reason for abstaining from questions on family topics, although they do relate to money and means that were once his. I say it would be a hypocritical affectation to do so. Lionel, has Jan an interest in Verner's Pride after you, or is it left to you unconditionally? And what residence is appointed for Mrs. Verner?"

Lionel leaned over the table, apparently to reach something that was lying on it, contriving to bring his lips close to Decima. "Go out of the room, and take Lucy," he whispered.

Decima received the hint promptly. She rose as of her own accord.

"Lucy, let us leave mamma and Lionel alone. We will come back when your secrets are over," she added, turning round with a smile as she left the room, Lucy with her.

"You don't speak, Lionel," impatiently cried Lady Verner. In truth he did not: he did not know how to begin. He rose and approached her.

"Mother, can you bear disappointment?" he asked, taking her hand and speaking gently, in spite of his agitation.

"Hush!" interrupted Lady Verner. "If you speak of 'disappointment' to me, you are no true son of mine. You are going to tell me that Stephen Verner has left nothing to me: let me tell you, Lionel, that I would not have accepted it—and this I made known to him. Accept money from *him!* No. But I will accept it from my dear son"—looking at him with a smile—"now that he enjoys the revenues of Verner's Pride."

"It was not of money left, or not left, to you, that I was connecting disappointment," answered Lionel. "There's a worse disappointment in store for us than that, mother."

"A worse disappointment!" repeated Lady Verner, looking puzzled. "You are never to be saddled with the presence of Mrs. Verner at Verner's Pride, until her death!" she hastily added. "A great disappointment that would have been; a grievous wrong, in the estimation of Lady Verner."

"Mother, dear, Verner's Pride is not mine."

"Not yours" she slowly said. "He *surely* has not done as his father did before him?—left it to the younger brother, over the head of the elder? He has never left it to Jan!"

"Neither to Jan nor to me. It is left to Frederick Massingbird. John would have had it, had he been alive."

Lady Verner's delicate features became crimson: before she could speak, they had assumed a leaden color.

"Don't play with me, Lionel," she gasped, an awful fear thumping at her heart that he was *not* playing with her. "It cannot be left to the Massingbirds!"

He sat down by her side, and gave her the history of the matter in detail. Lady Verner caught at the codicil, like a drowning man catches at a straw.

"How could you terrify me?" she asked. "Verner's Pride is yours, Lionel. The codicil must be found."

"The conviction upon my mind is, that it never will be found," he resolutely answered. "Whoever took that codicil from the desk where it was placed, could have had but one motive in doing it—the depriving me of Verner's Pride. Rely upon it, it is effectually removed ere this, by burning or otherwise. No. I already look upon the codicil as a thing that never existed. Verner's Pride is gone from us."

"But, Lionel, whom do you suspect? Who can have taken it? It is pretty nearly a hanging matter to steal a will!"

"I do not suspect any one," he emphatically answered. "Mrs. Tynn protests that no one could have approached the desk unseen by her. It is very unlikely that any one would attempt it. They must, first of all, have chosen a moment when my uncle was asleep; they must have got Mrs. Tynn from the room; they must have searched for and found the keys; they must have unlocked the desk, taken the codicil, relocked it, and replaced the keys. All this could not be done without time and familiarity with facts. Not a servant in the house—save the Tynns—knew the codicil was there, and they did not know its purport. But the Tynns are thoroughly trustworthy."

"It must have been Mrs. Verner—"

"Hush, mother! I cannot listen to that, even from you. Mrs. Verner was in her bed—never out of it: she knew nothing whatever of the codicil. And, if she had, you will, I hope, do her the justice to believe that she would be incapable of meddling with it."

"She benefits by its loss, at any rate," bitterly rejoined Lady Verner.

"Her son does. But, that he does, was entirely unknown to her. She never knew that Mr. Verner had willed the estate away from me; she never dreamt but that I, and no other, would be his successor. The accession of Frederick Massingbird is unwelcome to her, rather than the contrary: he has no right to it, and she feels that he has not. In the impulse of the surprise, she said aloud that she wished it had been left to me; and I am sure they were her true sentiments."

Lady Verner sat in silence, her white hands crossed on her black dress, her head bent down. Presently she lifted it:

"I do not fully understand you, Lionel. You appear to imply that—according to your belief—no one has touched the codicil. How, then, can it have got out of the desk?"

"There is only one solution. It was suggested by Mr. Bitterworth; and, though I refused credence to it when he spoke, it has since been gaining upon my mind. He thinks my uncle must have repented of the codicil after it was made, and, himself, destroyed it. I should give full belief to this, were it not that at the very last he spoke to me as the successor to Verner's Pride."

"Why did he will it from you at all?" asked Lady Verner.

"I know not. I have told you how estranged his manner has been to me for the last year or two; but wherefore, or what I had done to displease him, I cannot think or imagine."

"He had no right to will away the estate from you," vehemently uttered Lady Verner. "Was it not enough that he usurped your father's birthright, as Jacob usurped Esau's, keeping you out of it for years and years, but he must now deprive you of it for ever? Had you been dead—had there been any urgent reason why you should not succeed—Jan should have come in. Jan is the lawful heir, failing you. Mark me, Lionel, it will bring no good to Frederick Massingbird. Rights, violently diverted out of their course, can bring only wrong and confusion."

"It would be scarcely fair were it to bring him wrong," spoke Lionel in his strict justice. "Frederick has had nothing to do with the bequeathing it to himself."

"Nonsense, Lionel! you cannot make me believe that no cajolery has been at work from some quarter or other," peevishly answered Lady Verner. "Tell the facts to an impartial person—a stranger. They were always about him—his wife and those Massingbirds—and at the last moment it is discovered that he has left all to them and disinherited you."

"Mother, you are mistaken. What my uncle has done he has done of his own will

alone, unbiased by others; nay, unknown to others. He distinctly stated this to Matlss, when the change was made. No, although I am a sufferer, and they benefit, I cannot throw a shade of the wrong upon Mrs. Verner and the Massingbirds."

"I will tell you what I cannot do—and that is, accept your view of the disappearance of the codicil," said Lady Verner. "It does not stand to reason that your uncle would cause a codicil to be made, with all the haste and parade you speak of, only to destroy it afterwards. Depend upon it you are wrong. He never took it."

"It does not appear unlikely," acquiesced Lionel. "It was not likely, either, that he would destroy it in secret; he would have done it openly. And, still less likely, that he would have addressed me as his successor in dying, and given me charges as to the management of the estate, had he left it away from me."

"No, no; no, no;" significantly returned Lady Verner. "That codicil has been *stolen*, Lionel."

"But by whom?" he debated. "There's not a servant in the house would do it; and there was no other inmate of it, save myself. There is my chief difficulty. Were it not for the total absence of all other suspicion, I should not for a moment entertain the thought that it could have been my uncle. Let us leave the subject, mother. It seems to be an unprofitable one, and my head is weary."

"Are you going to give the codicil tamely up, for a bad job, without further search?" asked Lady Verner. "That I should live—that I should *live* to see Sibylla West's children inherit Verner's Pride!" she passionately added.

Sibylla West's children! Lionel had enough pain at his heart, just then, without that shaft. A piercing shaft truly, and it dyed his brow fiery red.

"We have searched already in every likely or possible place that we can think of; to-morrow morning places unlikely and impossible will be searched," he said, in answer to his mother's question. "I shall be aided by the police: our searching is nothing compared with what they can do. They go about it artistically, perfected by practice."

"And—if the result should be a failure?"

"It will be a failure," spoke Lionel, in his firm conviction. "In which case I bid adieu to Verner's Pride."

"And come home here; will you not, Lionel?"

"For the present. And now, mother, that I have told you the ill-news, and spoiled your rest, I must go back again."

Spoiled her rest! Ay, for many a day and night to come. Lionel disinherited! Verner's Pride gone from them for ever! A cry went forth from Lady Verner's heart. It had been the moment of hope which she had looked forward to for years; and, now that it was come, what had it brought?

"My own troubles make me selfish," said Lionel, turning back when he was half out at the door. "I forgot to tell you that Jan and Decima inherit five hundred pounds each."

"Five hundred pounds!" slightingly returned Lady Verner. "It is but a piece with the rest."

He did not add that he had five hundred also, failing the estate. It would have seemed worse mockery still.

Looking out at the door, opposite to the ante-room, on the other side of the hall, was Decima. She had heard his step, and came to beckon him in. It was the dining parlor, but a pretty room still; for Lady Verner would have nothing about her inelegant or ugly, if she could help it. Lucy Tempest, in her favorite school attitude, was half-kneeling, half sitting on the rug before the fire; but she rose when Lionel came in.

Decima entwined her arm within his, and led him up to the fire-place.

"Did you bring mamma bad news?" she asked. "I thought I read it in your countenance."

"Very bad, Decima. Or I should not have sent you away while I told it."

"I suppose there's nothing left for mamma, or for Jan?"

"Mamma did not expect anything left for her, Decima. Don't go away, Lucy," he added, arresting Lucy Tempest, who, with good taste, was leaving them alone. "Stay and hear how poor I am: all Decrham knows it by this time."

Lucy remained. Decima, her beautiful features a shade paler than usual, turned her serene eyes on Lionel. She little thought what was coming.

"Verner's Pride is left away from me, Decima."

"Left away from you. From *you*?"

"Frederick Massingbird inherits. I am passed over."

"Oh, Lionel!" The words were not uttered angrily, passionately, as Lady Verner's had been; but in a low, quiet voice, wrung from her, seemingly by intense inward pain.

"And so there will be some additional trouble for you in the housekeeping line," went on Lionel, speaking gayly, and ignoring all the pain at *his* heart. "Turned out of Verner's Pride, I must come to you here—at least, for a time. What shall you say to that, Miss Lucy?"

Lucy was looking up at him gravely, not smiling in the least.

"Is it true that you have lost Verner's Pride?"

"Quite true."

"But I thought it was yours—after Mr. Verner."

"I thought so, too, until to-day," replied Lionel. "It ought to have been."

"What shall you do without it?"

"What, indeed!" he answered. "From being a landed country gentleman—as people have imagined me—I go down to a poor fellow who must work for his bread and cheese before he eats it. Your eyes are laughing, Miss Lucy, but it is true."

"Bread and cheese costs nothing," said she.

"No? And the plate you put it on, and the knife you eat it with, and the glass of beer to help it go down, and the coat you wear during the repast, and the room it's served in?—they cost something, Miss Lucy."

Lucy laughed. "I think you will always have enough bread and cheese," said she. "You look as though you would."

Decima turned to them: she had stood buried in a reverie, until the light tone of Lionel aroused her from it. "*Which* is real, Lionel? this joking, or that you have lost Verner's Pride?"

"Both," he answered. "I am disinherited from Verner's Pride: better perhaps that I should joke over it, than cry."

"What will mamma do? What will mamma do?" breathed Decima. "She has so counted upon it. And what will you do, Lionel?"

"Decima!" came forth at this moment from the opposite room, in the imperative voice of Lady Verner.

Decima turned in obedience to it, her step less light than usual. Lucy addressed Lionel.

"One day at the rectory there came a gipsy woman, wanting to tell our fortunes: she accosted us in the garden. Mr. Cust sent her away, and she was angry, and told him his star was not in the ascendant. I think it must be the case at present with your star, Mr. Verner."

Lionel smiled. "Yes, indeed."

"It is not only one thing that you are losing; it is more. First, that pretty girl whom you loved; then, Mr. Verner; and now, Verner's Pride. I wish I knew how to comfort you."

Lucy Tempest spoke with the most open simplicity, exactly as a sister might have done. But the one allusion grated on Lionel's heart.

"You are very kind, Lucy. Good-bye. Tell Decima I shall see her sometime to-morrow."

Lucy Tempest looked after him from the window as he paced the enclosed court-yard. "I cannot think how people can be unjust!" was her thought. "If Verner's Pride was rightly his, why have they taken it from him?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A WHISPERED SUSPICION.

Certainly Lionel Verner's star was not in the ascendant—though Lucy Tempest had used the words in jest. His love gone from him; his fortune and position wrested from him; both become the adjuncts of one man, Frederick Massingbird. Serenely, to outward appearance, as Lionel had met the one blow, so did he now meet the other: and none looking on his calm bearing, could suspect what the loss was to him. But it is the silent sorrow that eats into the heart; the loud grief does not tell upon it.

An official search had been made; but no trace could be found of the missing codicil. Lionel had not expected that it would be found. He regarded it as a deed which had never had existence, and took up his abode with his mother. The village could not believe it; the neighborhood resented it. People stood in groups to talk it over. It did certainly appear to be a most singular and almost incredible thing: that, in the enlightened days of the latter half of the nineteenth century, an official deed should disappear out of a gentleman's desk, in his own well-guarded residence, in his habited chamber. Conjectures and thoughts were freely bandied about, while Dr. West and Jan grew nearly tired of the particulars demanded of them in their professional visits, for their patients would talk of nothing else.

The first visible effect that the disappointment had, was to stretch Lady Verner on a sick bed. She fell into a low, nervous state of prostration, and her irritability—it must be confessed—was great. But for this illness Lionel would have been away. Thrown now upon his own resources, he looked steadily into the future, and strove to chalk out a career for himself; one by which—as he had said to Lucy Tempest—he might get bread and cheese. Of course, at Lionel Verner's age, and reared to no profession, unfamiliar with habits of business, that was easier thought of than done. He had no particular talent for literature; he believed that, if he tried his hand at that, the bread might come, but the cheese would be doubtful—although he saw men with even less aptitude for it than he, turning to it and embracing it with all the confidence in the world, as if it were an ever-open resource for all, when other trades failed. There were the three professions: but they were not available. Lionel felt no inclination to become a working drudge like poor Jan; and the church, for which he had not any liking, he was by far too conscientious to embrace only as a means of living. There remained the Bar; and to that he turned his attention, and resolved to qualify himself for it. That there would be grinding, and drudgery, and hard work, and no pay for years, he knew; but, so there might be, go to what he would. The Bar did hold out a chance of success, and there was nothing in it derogatory to the notions in which he had been reared—those of a gentleman.

Jan came to him one day about the time of the decision, and Lionel told him that he should soon be away; that he intended to enter himself at the Middle Temple, and take chambers.

"Law!" said Jan. "Why, you'll be forty, may-be, before you ever get a brief. You should have entered earlier."

"Yes. But how was I to know that things would turn out like this?"

"Look here," said Jan, tilting himself in a very uncomfortable fashion on the high back of an arm-chair, "there's that five hundred pounds. You can have that."

"What five hundred pounds?" asked Lionel.

"The five hundred that Uncle Stephen left me. I don't want it. Old West gives me as much as keeps me in clothes and that, which is all I care about. You take the money and use it."

"No, Jan, thank you warmly, old boy, all the same; but I'd not take your poor little bit of money if I were starving."

"What's the good of it to me?" asked Jan, swaying his legs about. "I can't use it: I have got nothing to use it in. I have put it in the bank at Heartburg, but the bank may go smash, you know, and then who'd be better for the money? Better take it and make sure of it, Lionel."

Lionel smiled at him. Jan was as simple and single-hearted in his way as Lucy Tempest was in hers. But he must want money very grievously indeed, before he would have consented to take honest Jan's.

"I have five hundred of my own, you know, Jan," he said. "More than I can use yet awhile."

So he fixed upon the Bar, and would have hastened to London, but for Lady Verner's illness. In the weak, low state, to which disappointment and irritability had reduced her, she could not bear to lose sight of Lionel, or permit him to depart.

"It will be time enough when I am dead, and that won't be long first," was the constant burden of her song to him.

He believed his mother to be little more likely to die than he was, but he was too dutiful a son to cross her in her present state. He gathered certain ponderous tomes about him, and began studying law on his own account, shutting himself up in his room all day to do it. Awfully dry work he found it; not in the least congenial; and many a time did he long to pitch the whole lot into the pleasant, rippling stream, running through the grounds of Sir Rufus Hautley, which danced and glittered in the sun in view of Lionel's window.

He could not remain at this daily study without interruptions. They were pretty frequent. People,—tenants, workmen, and others,—would persist in coming for orders to Mr. Lionel. In vain Lionel told them that he could not give orders, could not interfere; that he had no longer anything to do with Verner's Pride. They could not be brought to understand why he was not their master as usual—at any rate, why he could not act as one, and interpose between them and the tyrant, Roy. In point of fact, Mr. Roy was head and master of the estate just now, and a nice head and master he made! Mrs. Verner, shut up in Verner's Pride with her ill health, had no conception what games were being played.

"Let be, let be," the people would say. "When Mr. Fred Massingbird comes home, Roy 'll get called to account, and receive his deserts." A fond belief in which all did not join: many entertained a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Fred Massingbird was too much inclined to be a tyrant on his own account, to disprove the acts of Roy. Lionel's blood often boiled at what he saw and heard, and he wished he could put miles between himself and Deerham.

"How long will my mother remain in this state?" he inquired of Dr. West, waylaying the physician one morning as he was leaving the house, and accompanying him across the courtyard.

Dr. West lifted his arched eyebrows.

"It is impossible to say, Mr. Lionel. These cases of low nervous fever are sometimes very much protracted."

"Lady Verner's is not nervous fever," dissented Lionel.

"It approaches near to it."

"The fact is, I want to be away," said Lionel.

"There is no reason why you should not be away if you wish it. Lady Verner is not in any danger, she is sure to recover eventually."

"I know that. At least, I hope it is sure," returned Lionel. "But in the state she is I cannot reason with her, or talk to her of the necessity of my being away. Any approach to the topic irritates her."

"I should go, and say nothing to her beforehand," observed Dr. West. "When she found you were really off, and there was no remedy for it, she must perforce reconcile herself to it."

Every fond feeling within Lionel revolted at the suggestion.

"We are speaking of my mother, doctor," was his courteously-uttered rebuke.

"Well, if you don't like that, there's nothing for it but patience," was the doctor's rejoinder, as he drew open one of the iron gates. "Lady Verner may be no better than she is now for weeks to come. Good day, Mr. Lionel."

Lionel paced into the house with a slow step, and went up to his mother's chamber. She was lying on a couch by the fire, her eyes closed, her pale features contracted as if with pain. Her maid Therese appeared to be busy with her, and Lionel called out Decima.

"There's no improvement, I hear, Decima."

"No. But on the other hand, there's no danger. There's nothing even very serious, if Dr. West may be believed. Do you know, Lionel, what I fancy he thinks?"

"What?" asked Lionel.

"That if mamma were obliged to exert and rouse herself; were like any poor person, for instance, who cannot lie by and be nursed, she would be well directly. And—unkind, unlike a daughter as it may seem in me to acknowledge it—I do very much incline to the same opinion."

Lionel made no reply.

"Only Dr. West has not the candor to say so," went on Decima. "So long as he can keep her lying here, he will do it; she is a good patient for him. Poor mamma gives way, and he helps her to do it. I wish she would discard him, and trust to Jan."

"You don't like Dr. West, Decima?"

"I never did," said Decima. "And I believe that in skill, Jan is worth ten of him. There's this much to be said of Jan, that he is sincere and open as if he were made of glass. Jan will never keep a patient in bed, or give the smallest dose more than is absolutely necessary. Did you hear of Sir Rufus Hautley sending for Jan?"

"No."

"He is ill, it seems. And when he sent to Dr. West's, he expressly desired that it might be Mr Jan Verner to answer the summons. Dr. West will not forgive that in a hurry."

"That comes of prejudice," said Lionel; "Prejudice not really deserved by Dr. West. Since the reading of the will, Sir Rufus has been bitter against the Massingbirds; and Dr. West, as connected with them, comes in for his share of the feeling."

"I hope he may not deserve it in any worse way than as connected with them," returned Decima, with more acrimony than she, in her calm gentleness, was accustomed to speak.

The significant tone struck Lionel. "What do you mean, Decima?"

Decima glanced round. They were standing at the far end of the corridor, at the window which overlooked the domains of Sir Rufus Hautley. The doors of the several rooms were closed, and no one was about. Decima spoke in a whisper.

"Lionel, I cannot divest myself of the opinion that—that—"

"That what?" he asked, looking at her in wonder, for she was hesitating strangely, her manner shrinking, her voice awestruck.

"That it was Dr. West who took the codicil."

Lionel's face flushed. Partially with pain; he did not like to hear it said, even by Decima.

"You have never suspected so much yourself?" she asked.

"Never, never. I hope I never shall suspect it. Decima, you perhaps cannot help the thought, but you can help speaking of it."

"I did not mean to vex you. Somehow, Lionel, it is for your sake that I seem to have taken a dislike to the Wests—"

"To take a dislike to people is no just cause for accusing them of crime," he interrupted. "Decima, you are not like yourself to-day."

"Do you suppose that it is my dislike which caused me to suspect him? No, Lionel. I seem to see people and their motives very clearly; and I do honestly believe"—she dropped her voice still lower—"that Dr. West is a man capable of almost anything. At the time when the codicil was being searched for, I used to think and think it over, how it could be—how it could have disappeared. All its points, all its bearings I deliberated upon again and again. One certain thing was, the codicil could not have disappeared from the desk without its having been taken out; another point, almost equally certain to my mind, was, that my uncle Stephen did not take it out, but died in the belief that it was in, and that it would give you your inheritance. A third point was, that whoever took it, must have had some strong motive for the act. Who (with possible access to the desk) could have had this motive, even in a remote degree? There were but two: Dr. West and Mrs. Verner. Mrs. Verner I judge to be incapable of anything so wrong; Dr. West I believe to be capable of even worse than that; and hence I drew my deductions."

"Deductions which I shall never accept, and which I would advise you to get rid of, Decima," was his answer. "My dear, never let such an accusation cross your lips again."

"I never shall. I have told you; and that is enough. I have longed to tell you for some time past. I did not think you would believe me."

"Believe it, say, Decima. Dr. West take the codicil! Were I to bring myself to that belief, I think all my faith in man would go out. You are sadly prejudiced against the Wests."

"And you in their favor," she could not help saying. "But I shall ever be thankful for one thing—that you have escaped Sibylla."

Was he thankful for it? Scarcely. While that pained heart of his, those coursing pulses, could beat on in this tumultuous manner, at the bare sound of her name.

In the silence that ensued—for neither felt inclined to break it—they heard a voice in the hall below, inquiring whether Mr. Verner was within. Lionel recognized it as Tynn's.

"For all I know he is," answered old Catherine. "I saw him a few minutes agone in the court out there, a talking to the doctor."

"Will you please ask if I can speak to him."

Lionel did not wait further, but descended to the hall. The butler, in his deep mourning, had taken his seat on the bench. He rose as Lionel approached.

"Well, Tynn, how are you? What is it?"

"My mistress has sent me to ask if you'd be so kind as to come to Verner's Pride, sir?" said Tynn, standing with his hat in his hand. "She bade me say that she did not feel well enough, or she'd have written you a note with the request, but she wishes particular to see you."

"Does she wish to see me to-day?"

"As soon as ever you could get there, sir, I fancy. I am sure she meant to-day."

"Very well, Tynn. I'll come over. How is Mrs. Verner?"

"She's very well, sir; but she gets worried on all sides about things out-of-doors."

"Who worries her with those tales?" asked Lionel.

"Everybody almost does, sir, as comes a-nigh her. First it's one complaint that's brought to the house of things going wrong, and then it's another complaint—and the women servants, they have not the sense to keep it from her. My wife can't keep her tongue still upon it, and can't see that the rest do. Might I ask how her ladyship is to-day, sir?"

"Not any better, Tynn. Tell Mrs. Verner I will be with her almost immediately."

Lionel lost little time in going to Verner's Pride. Turned from it as he had been, smarting under the injustice, and the pain, many a one would have haughtily refused to re-enter it, whatever may have been the emergency. Not so, Lionel. He had chosen to quit Verner's Pride as his residence, but he had remained entirely good friends with Mrs. Verner, calling on her at times. Not upon her would Lionel visit his displeasure.

It was somewhat curious that she had taken to sit in the old study of Stephen Verner; a room which she had rarely entered during his lifetime. Perhaps some vague impressions that she was now a woman of business, or ought to be one, that she herself was in sole charge for the absent heir, had induced her to take up her daily sitting amidst the drawers, bureaux, and other places which had contained Mr. Verner's papers—which contained them still. She had, however, never yet looked at one. If anything came up to the house, leases, deeds, other papers, she would say: "Tynn, see to it," or "Tynn, take it over to Mr. Lionel Verner, and ask what's to be done." Lionel never refused to say.

She was sitting back in Mr. Verner's old chair now, filling it a great deal better than he used to do. Lionel took her hand cordially. Every time he saw her he thought her looking bigger and bigger. However much she may have grieved at the time for her son John's death, it had not taken away either her flesh or her high color. Nothing would have troubled Mrs. Verner permanently unless it had been the depriving her of her meals. Now John was gone, she cared for nothing else in life.

"It's kind of you to come, Lionel," said she, "I want to talk to you. What will you have? some wine?"

"Not anything," replied Lionel. "Tynn said you wished to see me for something particular."

"And so I do. You must take the management of the estate until Fred's at home."

The words grated on his ear, and his brow knit itself into lines. But he answered calmly.

"I cannot do that, Mrs. Verner."

"Then what can I do?" she asked. "Here's all this great estate, nobody to see after it, nobody to take it in charge! I am sure I have no more right to be teased over it than you have, Lionel."

"It is your son's."

"I asked you not to leave Verner's Pride. I asked you to take the management of out-door things! You did so, between your uncle's death and his burial."

"Believing that I was taking the management of what was mine," replied Lionel.

"Why do you visit upon me the blame of all that has happened?" pursued Mrs. Verner. "I declare that I knew nothing of what was done; I could not believe my own ears when I heard Matlss read out the will. You should not blame me."

"I never have blamed you for it, Mrs. Verner. I believe you to be as innocent of blame in the matter as I am."

"Then you ought not to turn haughty and cold, and refuse to help me. They are going to have me up before the justice courts at Heartburg!"

"Have you up before the justice courts at Heartburg!" repeated Lionel, in great astonishment.

"It's all through Roy; I know it is. There's some stupid dispute about a lease, and I am to be had up in evidence. Did you hear of the threat?"

"What threat?" asked he.

"Some of the men are saying they'll burn down Verner's Pride. Roy turned them off the brick-yard, and they threaten they'll do it out of revenge. If you would just look to things and keep Roy quiet, nothing of this would happen."

Lionel knew that.

"Mrs. Verner," he said, "were you the owner of Verner's Pride, I would spare no pains to help you. But I cannot act for Frederick Massingbird."

"What has Fred done to you?" she asked quickly.

"That is not the question—he has done nothing," answered Lionel, speaking more rapidly still. "My management would—if I know anything of him—be essentially different from your son's; different from what he would approve. Neither would I take authority upon myself only to have it displaced upon his return. Have Roy before you, Mrs. Verner, and caution him."

"It does no good. I have already had him. He soothes things over to me, so that black looks white. Lionel, I must say that you are unkind and obstinate."

"I do not think I am naturally either one or the other," he answered, smiling. "Perhaps it might answer your purpose to put things into the hands of Matlss, until your son's return."

"He won't take it," she answered. "I sent for him—what with his court business and the threat of incendiarism, I am like one upon thorns and—he said he would not undertake it; he seemed to fear contact with Roy."

"Were I to take the management, Mrs. Verner, my first act would be to discharge Roy."

Mrs. Verner tried again to shake his resolution. But he was quite firm. And, wishing her good day, he left Verner's Pride, and bent his steps towards the village.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Petitions to be presented to the next Legislature of any state that is nearly out of business:—From a bankrupt husband, praying that a bill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season. From a jealous husband, praying that it might be made a felony for a bachelor to ask a married lady to dance. From a fidgety husband, for an act to declare the rearing of parrots and lap-dogs a capital crime. From a distracted husband, for an act to prohibit the squalling of babies. From an old maid, for an act to make marriage compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes. From a young lady, inveighing against the length to which moustaches have grown of late.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following "Lines," respectfully dedicated to Deacon & Peterson:—

"'Tis the editor that gives young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays."—*H. W. Beecher.*

Chick-a-dee-dee. Oh! listen to me,
And grant me, kind sirs, a green twig,
Where in dress of soft gray I may sing my first lay,
(*Won't you puff this as wondrously big?*)

Nay, turn not away, Deacon, Peterson, pray,
But list to my wretched appeal:
I'm a widow in tears, with ten little dears,
(*Ye gods, for a bag of corn meal!*)

Now weary and lone, not a penny my own,
I'm watching and praying for aid,
So taking good Beecher as counsel and teacher,
(*Oh! would I had lived an old maid!*)

Now what can be done, shall we starve one by one,
While wealth dines on beef and rich toast?
Oh! that a wide fame did attach to my name;
(*Will you pay me to write for* THE POST?)

CARRIE MAYNARD.

We are sorry to have to inform "Carrie" that we cannot pay her anything. Perhaps some benevolent old bachelor, who has lost a good deal of time, will take "Carrie" and her "ten little dears." That is about the number to which some of them would have been entitled if they had married at the proper period.

DRAFTING.

The order of the President for 300,000 militia to serve for nine months, in addition to the 300,000 volunteers for three years recently ordered, has naturally created quite a stir among our citizens.

One pretty good authority states that it is understood that Gen. Halleck considers that with this addition to the Union forces, the rebellion can be effectually suppressed in the course of the nine months for which the new levy of militia is ordered. It is well for all parties, however, to remember that while men proposes, a higher power disposes. Our leaders have erred heretofore through excess of confidence in the superior power of the loyal states.

In relation to these new levies of 600,000 men, it is easy for the inhabitants of any place to make a tolerably close calculation of the number which they will be called upon to contribute. Estimating the free white population of the loyal states—exclusive of California, Oregon and the Territories—at 21,000,000, the call for 600,000 men is a call for one man out of every 35 inhabitants.

Now taking Philadelphia with her 565,000 inhabitants as an illustration, her quota according to the above rate would be about 16,000 men.

If, as is generally supposed to be the case, this city has already furnished 27,000 volunteers to the war, she has already furnished her quota of an army of 1,000,000 men. But we suppose that what any place has voluntarily done heretofore, will not be taken into estimation in apportioning the new levies. If it were, the call upon Philadelphia would probably be only for about 5,000 men instead of 16,000.

The total number of males of the military ages—those between 18 and 45 years—is in this city about one fifth of the whole population. The number of able-bodied, effective men, of the military age, is generally set down at about one-eighth of the population. Thus in the loyal states, out of a population of 21,000,000, there are about 2,600,000 men capable of bearing arms.

If, therefore, we have already in the field 600,000 men, and put in the field 600,000 more, nearly one-half of the effective force of the loyal states will be in the service. This is as large a number probably as it is possible for any country to put and keep long in the field, for offensive war. In defensive war, where a people are unanimous, and everything is believed to be at stake, it may be possible to bring nearly the whole effective force into action—though we believe it has never yet been done, not even by revolutionary France, when nearly the whole of Europe had declared war against her.

The population of the rebel states—including the whole of Virginia and Tennessee to balance disloyal portions of Missouri and Kentucky—is as follows:—

Free white	5,543,705
Slaves	3,520,140
Free negroes	131,401
	9,195,306

Now taking one in eight as the utmost possible military force of the rebel states, it gives us not quite 700,000 men as the utmost limit of the rebel armies. That number to them is equivalent to 2,600,000 men for the loyal states—and is a number that can only be raised for a defensive war, and by the most unparalleled exertions, and to maintain

which for any considerable period is ruin in itself.

We do not believe it probable that the rebel states can put and keep in the field at any one time more than 500,000 men, unless by a resort to their negro population of three and a half millions.

But 500,000 men, fighting at home, and falling back instead of advancing, ought to be a match for 700,000 men who have towns to garrison, and lines of communication to watch. For it must be remembered that the further an invading army advances into an enemy's country, the smaller it necessarily becomes.

We do not believe that the rebels have now in the field over 300,000 men. But, granting they have 350,000, it is a greater number for their white population than we shall have when we have 1,900,000. But we grant the *possibility* of their bringing the number up to 500,000—and we think a consideration of the figures we have given will lead sober-thinking men generally to doubt that it is at all probable that they can go beyond that.

The Prussian Land-wehr, we see it stated, takes in with few exceptions, all the males capable of bearing arms between the ages of twenty and forty—and that gives a total of 500,000 men in a population of 14,000,000. If the rebel states raise men in the same proportion, they would only raise 220,000 men. Our readers will therefore see what a liberal allowance even 300,000 is for them.

Therefore, if the loyal states put one million of men in the field, they will almost certainly outnumber the rebels two to one, and, in all probability, three to one. So far as numbers are concerned this is amply sufficient.

But numbers are not everything. We confess to a feeling of surprise and mortification at seeing so often in the course of the present war, an alleged superiority of numbers on the part of the enemy given as a reason for avoiding or losing a battle. Why, have not the greatest and most decided victories ever won been won by inferior numbers? Make a list of all the great battles of ancient and modern times, and see whether a majority of them have not been won by the party numerically the weaker.

We are afraid that our American habit of counting noses, and deciding by majorities, has infected the military understanding of the nation in a very dangerous way.

Great numbers have their disadvantages as well as their advantages. Will not a little difference in generalship, in native courage, in discipline, in enthusiasm make an army of 100,000 men equal to one of 150,000, and perhaps 200,000? If we have read history aright, a mere dependence on superiority of numbers has ruined many an army.

Will not some of our historical students give the people lists of the great battles that have been won by the forces inferior in numbers—and prove to them that battles are not decided on the democratic principle that "majorities should rule."

We fear that if we march our million of men upon the South in the spirit of Xerxes, we shall come home as ingloriously as the Persians did.

After all—unless the Christian religion be a lie—the strength of our armies must be in their cause. If that is in accordance with the immutable principles of Justice and Right—if it be not merely selfish ends that we wish to promote but the common good of all human kind—then the great currents which always set towards the Millennial era may be trusted to bear us on safely through a tumultuous sea of strife. But if we go into the conflict trusting in our own strength, and animated entirely by a regard for our own selfish interests, we may find too late that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

REBEL ANGER.

The rebels are angry at Gen. Pope's recent orders, that Jeff. Davis has informed our government that in the event of Pope or any of his officers being captured, they shall not be entitled to be considered as soldiers, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the cartel for the parole of future prisoners of war—but that they shall be held in close confinement, and hung in retaliation for any hanging done by Pope.

We think Gen. Pope should at once issue an additional order, saying that a similar course will be pursued towards any rebel officers captured by him, until the obnoxious policy declared by the rebel leaders shall be abandoned. That is the proper way to meet such a menace.

PHILADELPHIA'S QUOTA.

Philadelphia's quota of an army of 1,200,000 men would be about 32,000. We are informed that this city has already furnished over 27,000 men to the armies now in the field. This would leave but 5,000 more to furnish in full of *all* demands, if allowance were to be made for what has been done heretofore. We suppose, however, that no such allowance will be made in case of a draft, though we think it is only fair it should be. It will make, however, more difference probably to certain country districts—whose young men have nearly all volunteered—than to this city, which has still a pretty large surplus.

CANADA.—The substance of the recent debate in the British Parliament was that England neither could or would be at the expense and trouble of defending Canada in a war with the United States—and that if Canada did not like this decision, she might "lump it."

Well, Canada is not in the least danger so far as the United States is concerned. We have got something else to do besides interfering with our neighbors' property. Canada might do worse, we think, than join the great American Union, but she must be the judge of what her best interests require. If she thinks otherwise to the end of the chapter, so be it.

VOLUNTEERING.

At this time, when the strong influence of public opinion is brought to bear upon volunteering, we would call the attention of the public to the following extract from a letter recently addressed to President Lincoln by the New York Executive Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission:—

The careless and superficial medical inspection of recruits made at least twenty five per cent. of the volunteer army raised last year not only utterly useless, but a positive incumbrance and embarrassment, filling our hospitals with invalids, and the whole country with exaggerated notions of the dangers of war, that now seriously retard the recruiting of the new levies we so urgently need. We respectfully submit, that no new recruits should be accepted until they have been examined by medical officers of the United States army, entirely without personal interest in the filling up of any regiment. If all the 300,000 men now to be recruited, were recruited without a single new regiment being formed, it would save the country sooner or later, thousands of lives and millions of dollars. We should get a far better class of men. They would have a thorough medical inspection, and every man would soon come to be a raw recruit when absorbed into a veteran regiment.

So far from its being patriotic to force men into the ranks who are physically incapable of undergoing the labors of a private soldier, it is directly the reverse. 300,000 able-bodied men are worth far more than 350,000, of whom 50,000 are merely candidates for the hospital and burdens upon the service. The best thing that a man who is physically unable to serve as a soldier can do, is to procure a first-rate man to act as his substitute. It is a positive waste for the country to spend money in recruiting, clothing, drilling and paying the wages of men who at the first touch of the hardships of a soldier's life have to be put upon the sick list. Nothing is gained by it—a great deal is lost by it.

What are the Chivalry Coming to?

Alack and alack! what are the chivalry coming to? Hear the *Richmond Examiner*:

In the developments of the war we are waging there is one lasting stigma on its moral character. We refer to the *almost universal* rage in the South of the vile hosts of avarice and extortion, in which *native Southern merchants have outdone Yankees and Jews*, and have not only defiled themselves, but inflicted a burning disgrace upon the nation, prostituted a noble war to the most infamous purposes, and blackened their country in the eyes of the world. *The whole South stinks with the lust of extortion.* The extent to which it prevails in this city is enormous and shameless; trade is reduced to a devilish art to make money out of the distresses of humanity; and, that hypocrisy may be added to other diabolical accomplishments, the extortioners in Richmond take the upper seats in church, talk patriotism, and give into the contribution boxes small pinchings from enormous gains; dandy preachers and hospital matrons taking these filthy gifts of the plunderers of society as tokens of the liberality and patriotism of the donors.

That is the result of embarking in evil ways. The "whole South stinks with the lust of extortion"—"native Southern merchants" not only "equal "Yankees and Jews," but positively "outdo" them in "avarice and extortion." What a purification the rebel states will need before being admitted into the full communion of the faithful again—if what the *Examiner* says is true!

COMING IN.

Pennsylvania, Michigan, Maine, Indiana, Illinois, and various other states, it is said, will have their quotas of the first call for 300,000 volunteers full by the stipulated time, August 15th. We trust this is true, though we doubt it. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the spirit of the people is again fully aroused, and that enlistments are being made with great rapidity.

A MONS. DE SORA has a hennery near Paris which yields him $200,000 per annum. His expenses are $75,000 a year.

We take the above from the Boston Cultivator. How hard it is to overtake and kill a lie—once started on a tour through the Press. We never expect to hear the last of that fictitious "Mons. de Sora and his hennery."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDWIN BROTHERHOFT. By THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." Published by Teknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1861. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs; Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Literature, Science, Agriculture, &c. Published by D. Appleton, & Co., New York; and for sale by John McFarlan, 33 South 6th street, Philadelphia.

THE TRAIL HUNTER. By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Indian Scout," &c., Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ORLEANS PRINCES.—The Daily Telegraph publishes extracts from letters addressed by the Prince De Joinville to his brother, the Duc D'Aumale, giving an account of the retreat of General McClellan's army to the James river, written June 27.

The Prince shows the causes which compelled Gen. McClellan to undertake the movement. On the previous day it was suddenly announced that General Jackson was about to act on McClellan's rear, and that General Beauregard had arrived at Richmond. The Prince says that all this greatly complicated our situation, and it was then and there determined to take a new base of operations upon the James river, under the protection of the gunboats. He describes the part he took in arresting a panic among the Federal troops, and says your Prince and his nephews were under a most violent fire of musketry and artillery for some time, and acted with distinguished bravery.

☞ The London Times graciously admits that "the Northern man is as good as the Southern." But as it recently called the Southerners "*the dregs of the cavaliers*," and, still later, "*our own English kith and kin*," this is not much of a compliment.

BURNING OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8.—The steamer Golden Gate, Captain Hudson commanding, has been burned at sea. She sailed hence for Panama on the 21st ult., having 95 cabin passengers, 147 in the second cabin and steerage and a crew of 95, making a total of 337. She had on board and $1,400,000 in gold, of which Kirby, Byrne & Co., shipped $10,000, and Meeker, Solor & Co., shipped the same amount.

On the 27th ult., at 4.45 P. M., when fifteen miles north of Manzanilla, while the passengers were dining, an alarm of fire was given. The steamer was promptly headed for the shore, 3½ miles distant, the flames making fearful headway. At a quarter after five o'clock the upper deck fell in, and soon after the steamer struck the beach. The passengers and crew who had not got into the boats jumped overboard, and endeavored to swim ashore. About one hundred, including five children, swam or were washed ashore alive.

The ship was burned to the water's edge, and soon disappeared. Those on shore made their way to near Manzanilla, as the steamer St. Louis arrived up from Panama.

Some few others escaped to Manzanilla, in the boats. One boat, with thirty persons on board, has not been heard from, and probably made the shore south of Manzanilla.

The steamer St. Louis arrived here to-night, bringing in seventy-eight of the Golden Gate's passengers—all that we know certainly to be saved—and a portion of the crew.

Captain Hudson and a part of the crew remained at Manzanilla to look after the missing passengers.

The following is a list of the passengers saved and arrived here:—

FIRST CABIN.

Ben. Holliday,
J. Whitley, Jr.,
Capt. R. H. Pearson,
Abel Guy,
A. J. Nichols,
Mrs. W. T. Gough,
J. C. Jonghaus and wife,
Mrs. Wal A. Chevanne,
C. J. Fox,
S. M. Murphy and wife,
A. J. Gunningsen,
E. L. Schmidt,
Mr. McMullen, (his wife and children lost,)
H. Turpolin,
Miss A. A. Manchester, 8 years old,
Miss A. C. Manchester, 5 years,
Frank Manchester, 2 years,
G. Given, a boy of 9 years, and another 8 weeks.

SECOND CABIN.

O. Bradley,
T. F. Haywood,
R. H. Dorsey,
P. H. Moran,
G. T. Berthautel,
Mrs. O. J. Rose,
George Fulton, 7 years old,
S. C. Todd,
John, or Jonas, a boy 4 years old,
Mrs. S. Francis,
Felix Bessin,
W. R. Wilcox,
C. C. Thomas,
Gerber Walters,
G. Malindo,
Jno Jenkins,
G. W. Chase,
D. Scher,
D. F. Bell,
Jane E. Forsyth, servant to Mrs. Green,
John H. Booth, 18 years old,
Wm. Hamilton,
Benj. Holliday, servant,
Isaac L. Gear.

STEERAGE.

C. W. Follansbee,
E. J. Haskell,
J. Sowards,
N. C. Morrison,
R. Perry,
William Henry,
J. N. Beverlede,
E. C. Bonker,
Jas. Autome,
Phillip Clap,
J. W. Mitchell,
George Emerson,
A. H. Bolles,
J. Spencer,
P. N. Kearney,
John Dillon,
R. Leslie,
W. Henslan,
W. Woodworth,
John Smith,
J. Fleet,
W. Walter,
A. A. Fisher,
S. A. Mann, Sergt. U. S. Artillery corps,
R. Cooper,
B. C. Iverace,
H. Allen,
J. C. Barber,
O. P. Develing,
John Chart,
J. T. Murphy.

OFFICERS AND CREW.

Captain, W. H. Hudson; First Mate, Matthew Nolen; Chief Engineer, W. Waddill; Purser, J. K. Wood; Second Mate, H. McHenry, and fifty-eight others, the names of whom have not yet been procured.

PASSENGERS KNOWN TO BE LOST.

Mr. Flint, of the firm of Holliday & Flint; Dr. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, are known to be lost. Four children of the latter were saved.

THE NEGRO REGIMENT QUESTION.

A deputation of Western gentlemen waited upon the President on Monday week, to offer two colored regiments from the state of New York. Two members of Congress were of the party. The President received them courteously, but stated to them that he was not prepared to go the length of enlisting negroes as soldiers. He would employ all colored men offered as laborers, but would not promise to make soldiers of them. The deputation went away, satisfied that it is the determination of the Government not to arm negroes unless some new and more pressing emergency arises. The President argued that the nation could not afford to lose Kentucky at this crisis, and gave it as his opinion that, to arm the negroes, would turn fifty thousand bayonets from the loyal border states against us that were now for us.

Upon the policy of using negroes as laborers, the confiscation of rebel property, and the feeding the National troops upon the granaries of the enemy, the President said there was no division of sentiment. The President promised that the war should be prosecuted with all the rigor he could command, but he could not promise to arm slaves or to attempt slave insurrections in the rebel states. The recent enactments of Congress on emancipation and confiscation he expects to carry out.

On the other hand, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, has issued the following "General Order, No. 36:"—

The 6th Regiment, authorized by the Secretary of War under date October 23rd, 1861, and orders issued therefor from this department, No. 103, Dec. 28, 1861, will consist entirely of colored citizens. Enlistments will commence immediately. Camp will be established under direction of General Robbins, who is directed to organize the regiment.

The Quartermaster General will furnish rations and equipments on requisition.

Our colored fellow-citizens are reminded that the regiment from this state in the Revolution, consisting entirely of colored persons, was pronounced by Washington equal, if not superior, to any in the service. They constitute a part of the quota from this state, and it is expected they will respond with zeal and spirit to this call.

The commander-in-chief will lead them into the field, and will share with them, in common with the patriotic soldiers of the army of the Republic, their trials and dangers, and will participate in the glories of their successes.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.
EDWARD C. MADRAN,
Adjutant-General.

GEN. MCCOOK MURDERED.—Brigadier-General Robert McCook was murdered by a band of guerillas recently. He was sick, and was in an ambulance on his way to Winchester, Tennessee, and when near Salem, Alabama, was waylaid by a gang of desperadoes, who pulled him out of the vehicle and then brutally murdered him. His soldiers are said to have been greatly infuriated by the deed—and had hung several persons believed to have been engaged in the assassination.

☞ The Cherokees speak respectfully of an enemy, calling the rattlesnake "the bright old inhabitant."

STRINGENT ORDER RELATIVE TO THE DRAFT.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., August 8, 1862.—Order to prevent the evasion of military duty, and for the suppression of disloyal practices.

First. By direction of the President of the United States, it is hereby ordered that, until further orders, no citizen liable to be drafted into the militia shall be allowed to go to a foreign country, and all Marshals, Deputy Marshals and military officers of the United States are directed, and all police authorities, especially at the ports of the United States or the sea-board and on the frontier, are requested to see that this order is faithfully carried into effect. And they are hereby authorized and directed to arrest and detain any person or persons about to depart from the United States in violation of this order, and report to Major L. C. Turner, Judge Advocate, at Washington City, for further instruction respecting the person or persons so arrested and detained.

Second. Any person liable to draft who shall absent himself from his county or state before such draft is made, will be arrested by any Provost Marshal, or other United States or state officer, wherever he may be found within the jurisdiction of the United States, and conveyed to the nearest military post or depot, and placed on military duty for the term of the draft; and the expenses of his own arrest and conveyance to such post or depot, and also the sum of five dollars as a reward to the officer who shall make such arrest, shall be deducted from his pay.

Third. The writ of habeas corpus is hereby suspended in respect to all persons arrested and detained, and in respect to all persons arrested for disloyal practices.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

ORDER AUTHORIZING THE ARREST OF PERSONS DISCOURAGING ENLISTMENTS.—WASHINGTON, August 8.—The following order was issued this morning:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, August 8, 1862.

Ordered:—First, That all United States Marshals, and Superintendents and Chiefs of Police of any town, city or district, be and they are hereby authorized and directed to arrest and imprison any person or persons who may be engaged, by any act of speech or writing, in discouraging volunteer enlistments, or in any way giving aid and comfort to the enemy, or any other disloyal practice against the United States.

Second, That immediate report be made to Major L. C. Turner, Judge Advocate, in order that such persons may be tried before a Military Commission.

Third, The expenses of such arrest and imprisonment will be certified to the Chief Clerk of the War Department for settlement and payment. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

THE REASONS FOR THE DRAFT.

Persons in a situation to know, assign the following as the chief reason for the President's resort to drafting:—

First—The representations of New York bankers and capitalists, repeated by one Committee after another, from week to week and of late with special urgency, that the finances of the country could not stand the slow and extravagant war policy that was being pursued. They demanded, in the strongest possible terms, that the utmost energy of the nation should be put forth, that national exhaustion and the drain of the money might be stopped at once by ending the war.

Second—The urgency of the radical Republicans, who complained bitterly of the President's failure to meet their views on certain points of his policy, and who demanded that, if the President would not take their policy, he should at least, if he expected the support of a large portion of the party that elected him, inaugurate some vigorous measures. A very heated interview of this kind, last week, left the President convinced that he could not keep the loyal people of the North united in support of his measures, unless promptly convinced of their being adequate to the crisis.

Third—Besides the representations of the politicians, the universal demand of the people that the Government should adopt measures likely to secure success.

Fourth—The belief that the rebels had now got their army up to the largest possible number, and were so exhausted that such a force as we could now bring into the field would utterly crush the rebellion.

NOVEL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The happy bridegroom mentioned in the following singular marriage ceremony, which took place at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, is a well-known Philadelphian. It shows how such matters are occasionally done up in that region:—

Married, at the house of the bride's parents, Mr. H. R. Woodard's, Dr. C. H. DeWolfe, of Philadelphia, Pa., to Mrs. Eliza A. Hurd, of Olympia, W. T., in the following manner:—

"We, the undersigned, hereby announce to the world that we have contracted a conjugal alliance, and entered into a matrimonial copartnership; believing in the *divine right* of Souls to dictate their own forms, and the inspirations of 'Mother Nature and Father God' as being above Custom and priestly Ceremony, however long dignified by legal enactment and Christian dictation. This act we perform (taking upon ourselves the responsibility) in presence of the witnesses whose names accompany our own, and this public declaration.

"Made this 13th day of May, 1852.

CHARLES HENRY DEWOLFE,
ELIZA ANN HURD.

Witnesses—H. R. Woodard, Salome Woodard, B. F. Brown, Mary Brown.

GARIBALDI AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The accounts of Garibaldi's visit to Marsala record an extraordinary scene of patriotic excitement. Garibaldi, in the course of his speech, several times made use of the phrase,

"Rome, or death!"

To which the people responded each time—

"Yes; Rome, or death!"

He spoke in violent terms of Napoleon, and said—

"We have given Nice and Savoy, and he wishes for something more. Yes, I know he has one prince ready for Rome, and another for Naples, and soon. I know it."

At the banquet at Palermo, in honor of Marquis Pallaccini, Garibaldi proposed a toast with the concluding words, "Rome or Death—but at Rome, with Victor Emmanuel at our head."

MALVERN HILL AGAIN EVACUATED.—General Hooker remained at Malvern Hill till twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, when he fell back to his encampment, leaving strong guards at Haxhalls. The rebels moved down from Richmond on three roads, concentrating their forces near Malvern. They thought our whole army was advancing towards Richmond, when this movement was merely a reconnoissance in force.

☞ An irrepressible joker asks if now that postage stamps are a legal tender, there is not danger that some people may get stuck?

LATEST NEWS.

A FIGHT IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

THE REBELS CROSS THE RAPIDAN.

Gen. Banks Attacked by a Large Force.

A SEVERE BATTLE.

WE HOLD OUR POSITION.

Arrival of Gen. McDowell's Reinforcements.

GEN. POPE ON THE FIELD.

General Banks Accidentally Injured---General Geary Loses an Arm.

Jackson and Ewell in Command of the Rebels.

HEAVY LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF 1,000 REBELS.

RAM ARKANSAS DESTROYED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Battle Between Gen. Banks and Stonewall Jackson.

NEW YORK, Aug 10.—The following dispatch has been received by the Tribune:

Headquarters, six miles below Culpepper, Va., Aug. 10.—A battle was fought yesterday between Gen. Banks and Stonewall Jackson.

Gen. Bayard, of Gen. McDowell's corps, with his cavalry brigade, had been engaged before in the extreme advance near the Rapidan river, in skirmishing and manœuvring, taking some prisoners and ending with a slight loss, baffling the efforts of a large force to surround and cut him off.

Yesterday morning, he was engaged for some hours before General Banks came up, and with four regiments of cavalry, the 1st Pennsylvania, 1st Maine, and 1st Rhode Island, delayed and embarrassed the enemy's advance.

The rebels, under Jackson and Ewell, had crossed the Rapidan in force, and their advance guard, 15,000 strong, was attacked by General Banks yesterday afternoon, about six miles south of Culpepper Court-house.

The fight was almost wholly with artillery at first, but the infantry became engaged about six o'clock, and a determined and bloody contest followed.

General Banks's right wing, under Gen. Williams, suffered severely.

The rebel position was in the woods, while the troops which attacked were obliged to cross on open ground.

It was not till about six o'clock that it became evident that the rebels were attacking us in force. Previous to that there had been rather desultory cannonading.

The whole rebel force suddenly attacked us in overwhelming numbers at all points. Nearly all their regiments had full ranks.

At 7½ o'clock Gen. Pope arrived on the field from Culpepper, accompanied by Gen. McDowell, with a part of McDowell's corps.

The battle was then substantially over, General Banks holding the ground that he had occupied at the beginning.

After the arrival of Gen. Pope there was an artillery contest, continuing at intervals till nearly 12 o'clock. The night was unusually clear and the moon full.

The rebels planted a battery against McDowell's centre, where Generals Pope and Banks were, bringing both of them under fire. The Generals and their staff were so near the rebels' lines, being actually in front of their own lines, that a sudden charge of the rebel cavalry was made from the woods a quarter of a mile off, apparently with a view to capture them.

The attempt was repelled by a vigorous fire from McDowell's troops, and the Generals and their staffs left the field under a cross fire from the rebels and their own troops.

The fire of the rebel batteries was afterwards silenced.

Gen. Pope, on arriving, sent fresh troops to the front to take the place of Gen. Banks's exhausted columns.

The enemy did not renew the attack except by artillery.

Our troops were under arms and in position all night.

Gen. Banks was on the field throughout the action, and constantly under fire. His handling of his troops and personal gallantry are highly praised by his officers.

The bravery and good conduct of the troops were conspicuous during a large part of the fight. When overpowered by numbers some of the regiments retreated in disorder.

Col. Kolpe, of the 46th Pennsylvania, is dangerously wounded.

Lieut. Col. Selfridge was severely wounded. Major Matthews had his arm amputated. Adjutant Boyd was severely wounded. All of the 46th Pennsylvania.

Col. Donnelly, of the 28th New York, was fatally wounded. Lieut. Col. Brown has his arm amputated. Major Cook was killed. Both are of the 28th New York.

Col. Chapman, of the 5th Connecticut, was wounded and taken prisoner. Lieut. Col. Stone, of the same regiment, was wounded.

Major Baker, of the same regiment, was wounded and taken prisoner.

Major Savage, of the 2d Massachusetts, is probably killed. He was left on the field in a dying condition. Capt. Abbott, of the same regiment, was killed.

Gen. Banks was rather severely hurt by an accident. A cavalry trooper ran against him, and he was struck heavily in the side. Nevertheless he remained on the field, and is on duty this morning with his command.

Gen. Geary was wounded, and has had an arm amputated.

Gen. Augur is severely wounded.

Major Pelouze, Gen. Banks's Adjutant, took command of a hesitating regiment, and gallantly led it through a galling fire. He received two shots, and is severely but not dangerously wounded in the side.

Capt. Williams is missing. Capt. Goodwin is also missing. Capt. Quincy was taken prisoner. Surgeon Leland was wounded. Lieut. Oakey was wounded seriously.

Lieut. Austin and Lieut. Buckman, of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, were wounded. No other officers in that regiment were hurt.

Lieut. Hopkins, of the 7th Ohio, was wounded.

Col. Ruggles, Chief of Staff to General Pope, had his horse shot under him. Two of Gen. Pope's body guards were killed.

Col. Morgan, of Gen. Pope's Staff, and Maj. Perkins, of Gen. Banks's Staff, both received bullets through their hats.

The Second Massachusetts regiment was in the hardest of the fight and suffered severely.

The 5th Connecticut, 27th Indiana, and 46th Pennsylvania regiments are badly cut up.

Lieut. Ramsey, of Gen. Banks's Staff, had his horse shot under him.

Gen. Wilder, of the rebel forces, was wounded.

The losses are very heavy on both sides, and it is supposed that not less than 2,000 or 3,000 were killed and wounded or are missing on each side.

Some prisoners were taken by both sides.

Jackson and Ewell were both present in the engagement.

Reinforcements to the amount of 18,000 men reached the rebels last night at about the same time that ours arrived.

Skirmishing in front is going on this morning; but the troops on both sides are so much exhausted by fatigue and the intense heat that no serious encounter is expected to take place to-day.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Reports were brought into Culpepper on Friday, of the crossing of the Rapidan by the rebels in force.

It is said by a passenger who came from the vicinity of Waterloo to-day, that Gen. Banks's column, which was in the advance, was attacked by Gen. Ewell in superior numbers.

The struggle continued all day yesterday and may at any time be resumed.

The loss is severe on both sides. A number of our wounded have been brought to Culpepper.

No details of the battle have been officially received.

It is represented that Generals Prince, Auger and Geary were wounded.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The train which came in to-night brought five persons—the wife and clerks of Capt. Loomis, Quartermaster at Warrenton, and a reporter.

Banks's, Sigel's and McDowell's commands have been engaged. Warrenton is deserted. All the United States stores have been removed to Culpepper. A fight is now in progress eight miles below Culpepper. The cannonading is quick and heavy. Gen. Sigel is reported to have captured 1,000 rebels.

The engagement, at the latest hour, is said to be successful on our side. The rebels fought on an elevation, where they had placed masked batteries, with which they opened on our troops. Two trains of empty cars left Alexandria to-day, to bring up the wounded from Culpepper.

All the travel has been stopped on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

The Ram Arkansas Destroyed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The following is from the Petersburg (Va.) Daily Express, of yesterday:

RICHMOND, Aug. 8.—A despatch from Gen. Van Dorn to Secretary Mallory, states that the Confederate Ram Arkansas, Lieut. Stephens, commanding, had been destroyed.

She left Vicksburg on Monday to co-operate in the attack on Baton Rouge. After passing Bayou Sara her machinery became deranged, and whilst attempting to adjust it several of the enemy's gunboats attacked her. After a gallant resistance she was abandoned and blown up. Her officers and men reached the shore in safety.

Miscellaneous.

The full quota of Pennsylvania under the two last calls for 300,000 men is 92,841.

Col. McNeill, with 1,000 men, whipped Porter's forces, 2,500 strong, at Kirksville, Missouri, on the 7th instant, and again near Stockton on the 9th inst. Porter's forces were demoralized.

An account of Morgan's recent exploits, recently published in a Mobile paper, states that he took 20 towns and 20,000 stand of arms, captured 1,200 prisoners, and destroyed property valued at $2 000 000.

It has been determined that Col. Corcoran will be exchanged for Col. Harrison.

One hundred disloyal persons, who took the cars on Friday, at Washington, for New York, with the intention of leaving for Europe, were detained at Baltimore by a government agent.

The stampede into Canada of persons liable to militia duty has been effectually stopped at Detroit.

Accounts by the Jura state that in London, within a short period, United States fives have fallen from 80 to 67 and 65. The American question occupies the most serious attention of Napoleon.

NEWS ITEMS.

WHY HE WENT HOME.—The Count de Paris left the army on the James river to go home and marry the oldest daughter of the Duchess of Parma. This announcement spoils a great deal of sage speculation as to the political motives which operated with the young gentleman.

AT Nuthurst, N. H., a young man, named Dinnage, hung himself a few days ago, because he was suffering very severely from toothache.

LAST THOUGHTS OF THE DYING.—A Sister of Mercy states the curious fact that the last word of a great number of soldiers dying under her observation were of their mothers, though many of them must have left a wife and children.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN men who enlisted at Scranton, Pennsylvania, refused to take the bounty.

GEN. PILLOW has three plantations near Helena, on which all movable property was confiscated. Gen. Curtis has freed, at Helena, Ark., about three thousand slaves, being chiefly those who worked on Forts Pillow and Donelson.

MALVERN HILL has been reoccupied by Gen. McClellan's advance, under Hooker and Sedgwick—a force of several thousand rebels being driven away from that commanding position, without much loss on either side.

THE woman who was arrested at the recent war meeting in Washington, for the utterance of treasonable sentiments, is the wife of an officer on Gen. McClellan's staff. On account of her husband's position and known loyalty, it is deemed proper to suppress her name.

THE Albany *Evening Journal* says it is requested by the surgeon general to state "that doctors' certificates of disability" will be of no earthly avail except for mere state service. Under the order from the War Department, everybody within certain ages—without reference to his physical condition—will be subject to draft. If, after they have been drafted, they are found to be disabled, they will be exempted. People, therefore, who run to their physicians to get certificates of physical unfitness to "shoulder arms," waste their time and breath in vain.

THE Bank of England has reduced its minimum rate of interest to two per cent.—the lowest that it has been since 1852. The London Times states that the choicest paper had been negotiated in the open market at one and five-eighths per cent.

A LARGE rebel force, say 15,000, are reported to be at Knoxville, Tenn.—composed of cavalry, artillery and infantry.

BURNSIDE'S division is said to have landed at Aquia Creek, and is now at Fredericksburg.

THE United States frigate Tuscarora had suddenly left Southampton. It was believed she was in chase of the steamer Merrimac, which sailed the day before from Plymouth, with a large cargo of ammunition, &c., for the rebels.

☞ William Penn, were he allowed to revisit the glimpses of the moon, would hardly know what to make of his Pennsylvanians, they fight so splendidly. In the half score of battles near Richmond they bore themselves like perfect Paladins.—*Portland (Maine) Transcript.*

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'Twas a tiny rosewood thing,
Ebon bound and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, black and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust and scent and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting, empty,—ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
Or on what soft pillowed breast
Is the cherished form at rest
That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew,—
Sweet pet name, and "aged two!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made?
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel face!

MY GREAT MISTAKE.

I cannot tell how it happened—certainly there seemed no special reason why it should be so—but I had reached my twenty-seventh year without receiving an offer, or even a lover-like attention from any man. My young acquaintances had beaux, and more serious pretenders to their favor in abundance; one after another they married, and departed to homes of their own, whence they returned to visit us, bringing with them variously matronly "jewels:" but I still remained alone—unsought. It was difficult to understand since if not particularly pretty, I was by no means unusually plain, I had tolerable sense and tolerable temper, an affectionate disposition, and a good knowledge of household affairs. Why, then, should I be so singularly overlooked?

I make no pretence of being entirely indifferent about the matter. I did not quite enjoy the feeling that I was slighted; considered less agreeable, less loveable than my compeers. Thus my home, where a rather stern though not actually unkind step-mother presided, was not a very happy one. I had no great trials, but possessed few pleasures; above all, I had the consciousness of being in no degree whatever, important to anybody. My father so long as his table and wardrobe were attended to, and his physical comforts generally were provided for, troubled himself for little else; and Mrs. Meroyn, I knew, would like it a good deal better if I were gone, and she could have the house to herself. So that a home of my own looked more attractive to me, than it might to every other girl. I felt in myself the capacity to make a good man happy; and it would be so delightful to have somebody to love, some one for my very own to whom I should be the dearest and first on earth. Was this unmaidenly? If it were, I cannot help it, for it was just so that I felt. However, you are not to suppose that the subject distressed me at all, or that I gave much time or thought to it. It was only once in a long time, when the flatness and insipidity of life made themselves unusually apparent, that my mind reverted to the matter, and I wondered why the common lot had not fallen to me.

We lived on the outskirts of a considerable town, in a large and handsome house, very nicely furnished, and surrounded by well-kept grounds. We had carriages and horses, several domestics, and the usual adjuncts of people of means. The society in which I mingled was of a staid and elderly sort, consisting mostly of my parents' friends; for, as has been stated, my own young companions had "married away" from me, and I was not quick to form new acquaintances; and when the girls returned to visit, bringing babies and nurses with them, I never dared propose that they should stay with me. My step-mother was the most immaculate of housekeepers, and the noise, confusion, and general topsy-turviness, which the presence of children induces, would have driven her wild.

So I stayed at home quietly, attended to my various duties as well as I knew how, kept up my music, studied a little German, and had a general consciousness that youth was slipping away without its due enjoyment; and that the world was acquiring a sober monotonous tint, very different from what it used to wear when I was eighteen.

Not far from our house was one which had been quite the great place of the neighborhood, but had latterly fallen out of repair, owing to neglect and impoverished means on the part of its owners. Business or necessity having called them to some other region, it was offered for sale, but for a long time unsuccessfully, since few cared to encumber themselves with a property needing such thorough and expensive renovation. At last, however, a purchaser appeared, and of course we all felt interested to learn what could be known about him. It seemed on inquiry, that he was somewhere between thirty and forty—and a widower—his wife having died some two years previously in Italy, whither he had taken her in the hope of restoring her health. He was said to be very handsome, very reserved, and very rich. The improvements which he soon commenced certainly indicated both taste and means. I used frequently to look toward the house, half-hidden in its embowering trees, and feel a kind of sympathy for its inmate; I was rather romantic, perhaps, since I imagined that memories of the past must everywhere accompany him, and the voice of a buried love call after him through the lonely rooms and silent walks. You need not smile at the sympathy! for I had not the slightest idea of trying to console him. I did not think it probable that we should meet, except in the most casual and most unimportant way.

Fate, however, ordered it differently. I was a tolerable horse-woman, and used frequently to drive out by myself in a little one-horse carriage, which was among our possessions. As I was going rapidly and carelessly down hill one summer afternoon, a portion of the harness broke, throwing the wagon against the horse's heels, and spite of all I could do in the way of soothing or restraint, he took fright and ran. I dare say there was no great danger; very likely he would have come to his senses presently, and stopped of his own accord; but I was a good deal alarmed, and very glad to find his course checked by a gentleman, who had dismounted from his horse for the purpose. He assisted me, very pale and trembling, the escape from my perilous seat, and I sat down by the road-side while he in some impromptu manner repaired the harness—then introducing himself, insisting on being allowed to drive me home. I was only too glad to accept the offer for the fright had quite unstrung my nerves; and we proceed in a very leisurely manner, he driving with one hand, and leading his own steed with the other. This was my first meeting with Meredith Lloyd.

Its unceremonious nature placed us at once on a more friendly footing than months of ordinary intercourse would have done. Mr. Lloyd became a frequent visitor at our house; welcome to my father, with whom he talked politics in the most deferential manner, appearing greatly interested in his views of national affairs; welcome to Mrs. Meroyn, who considered it altogether suitable and becoming that we should be on intimate terms with our wealthy and influential neighbor. But the person who said least—who hardly looked up to greet him when he entered—was perhaps more glad than all the rest to see him.

I wonder if a perfect friendship be possible, at least in our day and nation, between man and woman? If one heart or the other will not give or crave more that it receives? The French, whom we are rather apt to look down upon as frivolous, have shown us many beautiful examples of this attachment, which has the tenderness of love, without its exactions or caprice. But I doubt if two minds, bred in American habits of thought and feeling, can ever enter into such relations.

At the time no such doubts troubled me; as a friend I regarded Mr. Lloyd; a friend of the family; more particularly mine, perhaps, since we were nearer each other in years.—Friendship! how much I had read about it in the course of my life in albums, sentimental poetry, and the like. It had always seemed to me a rather cold and abstract sentiment, but now I recognize its beauty, how much it comprehended—what devotion, fondness even! What happiness in being together—what continual recurrence to another's will and preferences when apart!—All the sombre, gray hue vanished from life, and it glowed with the rosiest colors of youth.

Seldom did more than two or three days pass without a visit from our neighbor. He came in familiarly of an evening as a cousin might have done; sat down by me, perhaps played with my scissors or emery, till I was obliged to take those implements away, lest their usefulness should be impaired. He laughed unmercifully at my worsted-work; the most brilliant hues, and the most perfect loves of patterns could not win a moment's toleration. He called my embroidery a sinful waste of time, and wondered I could have the patience to cut so many holes in the muslin for the mere pleasure of sewing them up again. If we had a game of chess together, he was sure to be master of the field in the first ten minutes; yet I never refused to play with him, though he made no secret of the very low esteem in which he held my powers. But if he were a little uncomplimentary in such matters, he atoned for it in others. Having learned in some way that I was a great admirer of German authors, and even tried to read them a little in the original, he offered to assist me, if he could be of any service; and by degrees I became his regular pupil. He praised my industry and ready comprehension of difficult passages—lauded my taste and discernment. But the best, the most delicious flattery he offered me, was that of a kindly interest in all that interested me.

After we had known each other awhile, he began to speak to me of his dead wife—his dead Louise—and all he had lost in her. Oh! it was worth suffering for, worth dying for, I thought, to be recalled with such a tenderness. She had been—I judge from his account alone—a rarely beautiful and noble character; devoted to him, whom she had loved almost from her childhood. What it must have been to possess such a heart, and, alas! how terrible to lose it. And I asked myself; with a sudden consciousness, if it were possible that after such an experience, any man could care for a woman who at her best was never beautiful, and was no longer in her first youth—a woman uncultivated, unused to the world, and older than her years?

The discovery was made; I acknowledged to myself that I loved him. As for his feelings—I could not tell—I hardly cared. It seemed enough to go on as we were, seeing him often, secure of his regard. I was ignorant enough and weak enough to think that it might always be so.

About this time a little cousin came to visit us. Kitty McGowan—for that was her name—was an orphan, and not very well endowed with this world's goods, but no one ever needed them less. Her cheerful temper made a sunshine for itself, while her affectionate little heart clung to every one who treated her with tolerable kindness, and found a home with them. She was very young, not quite seventeen, and being of the smallest stature of woman, looked no more than a child. She was pretty, very, though at first sight, you would hardly do her justice; a blonde of the most perfect type; delicate features, pearly skin, with a soft blush shining through, blue eyes, and yellow hair. Twenty-seven and seventeen! Ten years' difference, you see. As I still considered myself a young woman, it was not wonderful that I thought Kitty only a child, and supposed that every one would see her in the same light.

"For how long a time, pray, is this little lady to be with you?" asked Mr. Lloyd of me a few evenings after her arrival.

"I can hardly tell; for some months, I presume. We shall like to keep her as long as she is willing to stay."

"She will not interfere with your studies, I hope, Miss Alice? You will not make her an excuse for neglecting lessons?"

"Oh! no," I replied. "She is quite one of us. There will be no need to make any difference on her account."

"In that case," he observed, "I will give her a *carte blanche* to remain."

I pretended a little displeasure, and asked since when he had taken it upon himself to limit the stay of our guests; but my heart throbbed with gladness at the thought that he cared if our intercourse were altered or restricted.

He came as usual, and I was quite amused in watching Kitty's manner toward him. Having heard from me something of his attainments—in particular that he could speak four languages "like a native"—she regarded him with great respect and awe, hardly daring to open her pretty lips in his presence. Noticing which, he was at some pains to draw her out, and make her talk, even against her will; after a long course of such treatment on his part, she got so far as to address a remark to him now and then, though always with the greatest seriousness and deference. With the rest of us, she was by no means so ceremonious, but chattered like the veriest little magpie. My father, who was commonly buried in his newspaper of an evening, watched her over his spectacles by the hour, and responded in the most obliging manner to the hundred questions she addressed him; while Mrs. Meroyn, not usually an admirer of fluent speech in the young, listened most complacently to her remarks. They were not very "deep" certainly, but nobody expected depth from her—little narratives of events; speculations as to the next party, the number of guests, and if there would be dancing; accounts of engagements, marriages, and so on; with appeals for information on various subjects to the older and wiser heads of the party. A good deal of it was gossip, but of the most harmless type, entirely free from malice, and not unfinged with humor.

"Isn't she a dear little thing?" I said to Mr. Lloyd, as she sat busily knitting a Sontag, or some such useful article; her fingers flying, her cheeks quite scarlet, with the energy she put into her work.

"Why, yes," he admitted, charily as I thought; "I suppose so—where one is related to her."

"Really you are extremely cautious. I'm afraid you haven't very good taste, Mr. Lloyd; you don't half appreciate Kitty."

"I think," he said, "she is excessively like her namesake on the hearth-rug. When Mrs. Meroyn's ball of worsted rolls on the floor, I quite expect to see her seize it in her teeth, and whisk across the room with it."

"That sort of joy, in just existing, must be very pleasant," I said. "I do not remember ever to have felt it. I cannot recollect the time when there was not something of a weight, a seriousness, on my mind."

"I can believe it," he answered. "I cannot imagine you, even as a child, with anything like the heedless spirits of our little friend here. There must always have been a gentle, gracious thoughtfulness about you, I am persuaded from the time you could first go alone."

"Don't be absurd," I said, smiling.

How happy I was that night! There was something in his manner so kind, so tender; it satisfied every desire of my heart.

Days went by just like the former ones. We were all together frequently, and I was quite bent on making Mr. Lloyd do Kitty justice. I thought he only regarded her as a pretty plaything, and did not understand the beauty and sweetness of her nature. I told him various little things about her; the cheerfulness with which she bore discomforts that would have soured many people; her ever ready willingness to aid all who needed it; how deft she was in every species of home-like labor or accomplishment. I have sometimes wondered since if he thought I was trying to "recommend" her to him; to help my pet to a good match.

"Look at her now," I said, at the conclusion of one of these eulogies. "She is perfectly beautiful at times."

"At all times, I think," he answered, with an eagerness that surprised me.

"I thought you did not admire her," I said.

"My dear friend, I like to tease you occasionally; it is so pleasant to see the earnestness with which you defend your opinion. But I have always considered Miss McGowan very lovely. She reminds me," he said, dropping his voice and speaking with a sudden gravity, "of one of whom I have often told you."

"You mean—" I hesitated. It seemed almost sacrilege to speak that name.

"Yes," he answered, "you are right. She recalls Louise to me so often, as she was in the bright days of her early girlhood."

I was silent. I knew how beautiful this buried wife had been; with what enthusiasm he had regarded her loveliness, no less of person than of character. It ought to have pleased me that he shared so thoroughly my admiration for my little cousin; but I fear it did not.

I took a long survey of my own face in the mirror that night. There was nothing in those irregular features, that bloom already fading, to remind him of the radiant Louise. Twenty-seven! yes, I looked it fully. My cheeks were a trifle hollow, and just the least little lines—faint, but plainly there—showed themselves about the corners of my eyes. I sighed. And Kitty was only seventeen. The first flush of dawn—all the brightness of her day to come, while mine was waning. But he was five years older even than I. True, but men are so much younger at the same age than women; and then it is not youth or any charm of person that one asks so much in them.

I gained that night the first glimpse of my great mistake; the mistake of thinking that a tender friendship meant something nearer, dearer; that a faded flower had been more valued than an opening one; that I had been the heart's approved companion, and Kitty only a something pretty and charming to look upon.

It was a hard lesson, but I had to learn it. She had been a child to me, but she was a woman to him; a woman on whom his destiny depended.

Oh! I marvelled at his choice! I could not but do it. He who had known, been adored by a noble womanly nature! I judged Kitty then, as now, without bitterness or envy. Her sunny temper, her youth, her beauty, were all she had; true, they were much; but were they all a man of intellect requires in the sharer of his life? Could not I—yes, even I—have given him something higher, better? could I not have met his loftier aspirations, been his soul's better half far more truly? Alas! what use in asking these questions since *he* never asks them?

He told his love in time, and Kitty listened favorably; she was grateful for his affection, and returned it as her good little heart could not help doing with any one who was kind to her. Yet I do her no wrong, I honestly believe, in saying, that if he had been some one else—a man nearer her own age, gayer, more trifling, like herself—the proposal would have pleased her better. However, she accepted him, and they were married. She made the gentlest of wives, the daintiest of housekeepers, and Meredith has always seemed a happy man. We are dear friends yet; we have been ever since. Through firm resolve, and hard, hard effort, I was able to give him up, and put his image from its place in my heart. Nor has my life been an unhappy one, despite the sad issue of its own brief romance. After the cruel disappointment, the terrible sense of loss—worst of all, the struggle to subdue that long habit of affection—came higher views of life, a purer ideal of duty. I have striven to think seldom of myself, and oftener of others; to demand less of them, while bestowing more—and have realized in some faint measure the joy which our Lord spake, when He said:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Knickerbocker for August.*

LONGEVITY.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was the tranquillity in which their after lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age, crowned with civil honors bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty-seven lived to an age exceeding seventy years, and forty to an age of sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnett of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his forty-fifth year, and Lynch, of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his sixtieth, died a violent death. Twenty one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England, only one, Whipple, of New Hampshire, died at an earlier age than sixty.

HARMLESS SHARKS.—The negroes boast that they can swim the river without danger if only they have nothing red about them; and, in fact, all my men swam across without accident, first carefully concealing those parts of their scanty dress which might have the obnoxious color. They also offered to take me over on their backs; but this I refused, from a fear that the sharks might make an exception in my case to their general rule. These fish are here held sacred, which may have something to do with their harmlessness. The natives believe that if they should kill one there would be no safety from their attacks thereafter. It is certainly very singular that they should not attack men in the water, for on any other of the numerous points on the coast where they abound a man would be instantly killed did he venture among them.—*Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.*

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH SHOOTING.—Hitherto the Scottish riflemen have excelled all others in the Wimbledon matches—the English, French, German and Swiss marksmen being found inferior to them. This year, however, they have been beaten by the English riflemen.

Eight representatives were selected by each country, and contended for a splendid shield made of iron and gold, having a medallion portrait of the Queen in the middle, and lower down a Highlander and English rifleman grasping hands. The score was eight hundred and ninety points by the English and seven hundred and twenty-four by the Scotch.

☞ A young man who applied at a recruiting-station for enlistment, was asked "if he could sleep on the point of a bayonet;" when he promptly replied by saying:—"He could try it, as he had often slept on a pint of whiskey; and the kind they used where he came from, would kill farther than any shooting iron he ever saw."

THE INDIAN ROPE FEAT.

I have been requested to be present at and give my opinion on a performance which I hardly know whether to call a feat of strength or a feat of ingenuity. I was challenged to tie the performer of this feat into a chair with rope in any way, and with any number of knots, in such a manner that he could not get loose. Accordingly, I presented myself at the time and place appointed, and half suspecting some sleight-of-hand trick, provided myself with several yards of very strong rope. The performer—an intelligent and rather good-looking young man—sat himself in a common wooden kitchen chair, and presented me with *his* rope. I asked him if he had any objection to my using *my* rope.

"None whatever," was the reply; "and you may tie me in any way, and with as tight knots as you please."

Having examined the chair to see that *that* was all right and above-board, I proceeded first to pinion the arms of the young man, who sat down on the chair; pinioning them "Jack Ketch fashion" behind his body, I then lashed them (tied as they were) tightly with many knots and twistings to the back of the chair. I then tied his two wrists tightly to the legs of the chair, pulling the ropes, I fear, cruelly tight, as the man afterward showed me where I had cut the skin; but he did not complain of this a bit, as he had offered me the challenge. I then, by means of "double hitches," fastened each ankle to the corresponding leg of the chair, then tied both legs together, finishing off the rope with an attachment to the back rail of the chair. I then tied up his body, twisting the rope round and round, and fastening it wherever I could get a chance. The performer was now indeed bound hand and foot, and could hardly move in any direction whatever.

A large linen extinguisher was then placed over him, tied as he was, and I and the other spectators stood round, at a little distance, to see that no collusion took place. In *four minutes and a half* the performer gave the signal, the extinguisher was removed, and there sat the young man perfectly free and unbound, and the ropes at his feet. I had tied him with seven pieces of rope (the usual number is four), and the seven pieces of rope lay at his feet, in no way injured or cut, except at the places where I had cut them off the main piece, and I had taken the precaution to mark my own cuts, so as to know them again. I have not the slightest idea how the performer managed to loose himself; I fancy that he must use actual physical strength in so doing, as he seemed exhausted and in a profuse perspiration. Perhaps some readers, who have seen the trick in India, where I believe it is frequently performed, may be able to throw some light on the matter. I understand that the performer of this Indian rope feat is now engaged at Cremorne, and that he challenges all comers to tie him so tight in the chair that he cannot unloose himself.—*F. T. Buckland.*

OUR SOLDIERS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Mother, with your fond heart southward turning,
And your face so full of anxious yearning—
By the sorrow in your deep eyes growing,
Well I know where all your thoughts are going.

To the brave, bright boy, all danger scorning,
Gone to battle in his youth's fresh morning—
For his country's bitter need, defying
Pain and hardship, and the dread of dying.

Fair young girl, whose startled heart beats faster
At the news of triumph or disaster—
Ah! the word you whisper softly over,
Is the dear name of your valiant lover!

In the army where our banners hover,
I have neither brother, son nor lover;
Round what camp-fire shall my thought be straying?
Whom shall I remember in my praying?

Oh, we lonesome ones, who linger over
No dear name of brother, son, or lover,
Still our hearts ache, and our tear-drops fall—
Others pray for *one*—we pray for *all!*

—*Portland Transcript.*

GRASS EVERYWHERE.

Universality of grass is one of the most poetical of facts, in the economy of the world. There is no place which it will not beautify. It climbs up the steep mountain passes, which are inaccessible to man, and forms ledges of green, amid the rivings of the crags; it leaps down between steep, shelving precipices, and there fastens its slender roots in the dry crevices, which the earthquakes had rent long ago, and into which the water trickles, when the sunbeams strike the hoary snows above. There it leaps and twines in the morning light, and flings its sweet, sweet laughing greenness to the sun; there it creeps and climbs about the mazes of solitude, and weaves its airy tassels with the wind. It beautifies even that spot, and spreads over the sightless visage of death and darkness, the serene beauty of a summer smile, flinging its green lustre on the bold granite, and perfuming the lips of Morning, as she stoops from Heaven, to kiss the green things of the earth. It makes a moist and yielding carpet over the whole earth, on which the impetuous may pass with hurried tread, or the foot of beauty linger. And from this universality of growth, grass derives its specific name.—*Hibberd's Brambles and Bay Leaves.*

CONUNDRUM FOR DOG-DAYS.—Why is a lean dog like a fat hog? Because he is a poor cur (porker.) The perpetrator of this, who is still at large, is earnestly requested to return at once to his friends, who are very anxious about him.

☞ "I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been a moderate good master to you, John." "Very moderate, sir," said John.

A BALL BALANCED ON A JET OF WATER.

I noticed in No. 4 of the current volume of the Scientific American, under the title, "A Ball Resting on a Jet of Water," this question—"How do you account for it?" As the explanation there rendered, was not satisfactory to me, having had for several seasons a small fountain in operation, whose jet supported a ball, I beg leave to offer the following in answer to the above question; the ball is driven upward by the force of the ascending water, but does not balance or rest directly over the jet and form a cup for its retention. On the contrary, the ball usually rests upon the jet, about half way from the centre to the circumference. The jet attracts the ball, whose surface is wet, the same as two drops of water attract and unite with each other; and is drawn into the current, and becomes a part of the ascending column, the same as large drops of water would be, were they led into the jet horizontally or at right angles. Again, the impetus of the jet striking the ball one side of its centre, causes in the latter a rotary motion; the velocity corresponding with the weight of the ball. The rotary motion of the ball causes the water which surrounds it to be thrown off in a tangent, from the surface attaining the highest velocity, excepting that part in contact with the jet, which becomes loaded or heavier than other portions of the ball; in effect changing the centre of gravity in the ball, drawing it nearer to the jet, and within the circle of the base or support, while the centre of motion in the ball is very little changed. Although the ball revolves, or by a gentle wind is blown from one side of the jet to other, or rests directly upon its centre, the principle is the same. The centre of gravity is maintained nearly at one point by adding to or throwing off water, which being heavier than the ball gives to us one of Nature's beautiful specimens of balancing.

S. B. P.

THE GARDENS OF ROME.

All round about Rome, there are ancient gardens, lying basking in the sun: gardens and villas, built long since by dead Cardinals and Popes; terraces with glinting shadows, with honeysuckle clambering in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering, and fading, and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps, yellow with age. Lonely fountains splash in their basins; statues of fauns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky—of cypress trees and cedars, with the sunset showing through their stems. At home I lead a very busy, anxious life; the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those smouldering pontiffs, whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men. Taking a long walk out of Rome one day, I came to the gates of one of these gardens. I remember seeing a carriage waiting in the shade of some cedar trees hard by, horses with drooping heads, and servants smoking as they waited. This was no uncommon sight; the English are forever on their rounds; but, somehow, on this occasion, I thought I recognized one of the men, and instead of passing by, as had been my intention, I turned in the half-opened gate, which the angels with the flaming swords had left unguarded and unlocked for once, and after a few minutes' walk I came upon the Eve I looked for.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

DUELLING RIGHTLY CONSIDERED.—In 1751, two military officers, who were stationed in the garrison of Dublin, quarrelled over their wine about some ladies, and one of them sent a challenge the following morning to his companion, to which the latter returned the following answer:—"Sir, I reckon it my peculiar happiness that I can produce the officers and soldiers who witnessed my behaviour at Fontenoy, as evidences of my courage. You may endeavor, if you please, to propagate my refusing your challenge, and brand me with cowardice; but I am fully convinced that nobody will believe me guilty, and everybody will see that you are malicious. The cause in which we quarrelled was a trifle—the blood of a soldier should be reserved for a nobler purpose. Love is blind, resentment mean, and taste capricious; and it ought to be considered that murder, though palliated by a false show of honor, is murder still, and calls for vengeance."

PORTRAIT OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—He was a small man, apparently forty-five years of age, of a fair, but somewhat weather-stained complexion, with light brown, closely curling hair, an expansive forehead, a clear, blue eye, rather common-place features, a thin, brown pointed beard, and a slight moustache. Though low of stature, he was broad chested, with well-knit limbs. His hands, which were small and nervous, were brown and callous with the marks of toil. There was something in his brow and glance not to be mistaken, and which men willingly call master; yet he did not seem to have sprung of the born magnates of the earth. He wore a heavy gold chain about his neck, and it might be observed that upon the light, full sleeves of his slashed doublet the image of a small ship on a terrestrial globe was curiously and many times embroidered.

☞ COULDN'T SUPPORT IT.—A chap in Virginia was taken prisoner by the rebels, who demanded that he should take the oath to support the Confederate government. The fellow said he had taken a great many big oaths in his day, but he could not even support his family, and to swear to *support* the Confederate government was taller swearing than he dare do.

☞ A person was relating to a son of the Emerald Isle how one of our generals had gained a victory with only a few hundred men on his side, when Pat said:—"An' he had sivral hundred men on his side?" "Yes." "Be gorra, wasn't his ribs strong."

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven!
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy heart ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed carosses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruins will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:
Ere from the grass dies the bee haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that He gave.

THE

LAST COQUETRY OF LADY CAPRICE.

BY OUIDA.

PART I.

"Lady Caprice!"

I can see her now as I saw her for the first time as she stood in the gallery at Wieverden, the golden autumn sun falling in through the many-colored hues of the stained oriel windows, lighting up all the gay points of her delicate dress, all the witching charms of her matchless loveliness. Two spaniels stood by her, looking up in her face with jealous eyes of love, and she laughed as she saw the jealousy, and provoked it yet the more by lavishing caresses on a little white Maltese, garnished with azure ribbons; the silvery ring of her laugh echoing down the long gallery in strange disparity with the grave brows of the Vandyke portraits, and the silent lips of the Lely pictures that looked down from the walls, sole relic and faint semblance of the dead—the Dead, whose voices dogs once had loved to obey, whose laughter once had rung out as gayly, round whom once had streamed the mellow golden sunlight, that cares not whether it plays about our smiling lips or about our whitened graves—the Dead, passed from their places, gone, deposed, and —forgotten!

"Lady Caprice!" I can see her now as she stood in the gallery at Wieverden—describe her I cannot. Is it to be described the subtle charm that smiles on us from Devonshire's eyes in the portrait at Hardwicke; the resistless beauty in Lucrezia's face, as we gaze at it on the canvas, that makes us well believe that calumny knew no rest till it had soiled that radiant brow with the baneful touch of its devilish hand, or, that if its hideous jealous ravings be founded upon truth, a poisoned philtre from the Borgia's hand might well be more eagerly drunk than the sweetest draught from other fingers? Is it to be described? No; its best charm is a charm intangible. The radiant loveliness of Lady Caprice has never as yet been caught on any artist's easel; colorless words breaking it up into detail would very ill describe it, as those will fully agree who have been admitted to behold divinity in its holiest shrine—the boudoir at Wieverden. The violet boudoir, with the shadowed light falling softly through the rose tinted glass on to its myriad trifles of art and virtu, and its air heavy, but not too heavy, with perfume, none of your stifling incense-like fragrance, but a soft, subtle odor, such as a summer wind shakes out when it blows over a bed of wild hyacinths, or lilies of the valley, down by a river-side;—the boudoir where her Maltese slumbers through his luxurious little day; where her husband rarely, nay, never intrudes; where her morning letters are glanced at over her chocolate; where her pet friends tell and hear their most amusing historiettes, and where the favored few (whose favor changes with cruel rapidity, it is true) lounge away in turn what rank among the pleasantest hours of their lives, and in payment for their pleasure invariably lose their heads, however competent they may have believed themselves to guard them. The title by which she ranks in Burke is *not*, you may imagine, Lady Caprice; that sobriquet was first given her by Fulke Nugent seasons ago; adopted first by every man in the Household, successively by every male member of her set, and lastly by herself, when it was betrayed to her by a traitor in the camp, Little Nelle, of the Blues, a mischievous compound of naïveté and impudence, petted by grandes dames in his Cornethood as much as were ever Lauzun and Richelieu in their Pagehood. But the betrayal did not harm the criminals; Lady Caprice deigned to be pleased with the name, took it up, and signed her notes to her intimate correspondents "Caprice Regina." It was an applicable title, without doubt, for our brilliant Lady Caprice was a terrible coquette, and ever changing one fancy

> Of a minute old for one
> Not half so old as that!

She was married, in her first season, to one of the best alliances of the time, by her mother, a soft, suave, pretty woman, who never dropped a thread in any web she wove, and never missed a point on which she set her will; who trained up her lovely daughter in the way she should go, and softly "hush! hushed!" and fanned away every scruple she might have raised as to accepting the proposal of the young Viscount, with few brains but sufficient good taste to be dazzled by the exquisite loveliness of the first beauty of the season, on whom Madame Mere had set her heart. Her daughter did not affect him, rather disliked him than otherwise, but, as I have said, she had been trained up in the way she should go, and therefore professed herself, and truly, indifferent to the matter, became his Viscountess, mistress of Wieverden, and of a considerable rent-roll, and indemnified herself by commencing her charming coquetries the first season after her marriage for the many "quarts d'heure d'ennui," that had sounded probably quite as quickly and repeatedly in her honeymoon as they did in poor Rivarol's. She was a coquette of the most dangerous sort, our brilliant Lady Caprice—no tyro, whose weapon you could twist out of her hand, whom you could disable with a home-thrust, and add eventually to your list of killed and wounded, in lieu of being added to hers; no mere flirt, with whom you could spend an innocuous hour, gathering up your arrows after the sport only burnished the brighter for fresh archery elsewhere; no "made-up" student of her art, whose wiles were so palpable that they lost all charm, and whose nets were so ill-spread that the very sight of them warned you off, wary as a bird on a wild day. She was a coquette, tranquil, trained, armed at all points, only the more resolute to win if her desired captive thought himself mail-proof; if she commenced that delicate fencing with you, you had no chance; and if those soft, white, taper fingers of hers took a fancy to close on yours, be sure they would wind themselves more or less round your life and your memory. Coquetry in her hands became an art, a science, a study, a sort of drawing-room diplomacy, exciting by its intricacy, though, to her, deprived of what gives it piquancy to other games, Uncertainty, since Lady Caprice was ever sure to win with whomsoever she might select to play. All men who were allowed to lounge away their hours in the dangerous Eden of her boudoir, either at Wieverden or in Wilton-crescent, lost their heads under the lustre of those dark, melting, languid eyes; she was neither to be defied nor forgotten, and she took a naughty pleasure, when she met any who thought they were strong enough to be capable of amusing themselves in that seductive atmosphere without danger, in giving them a soft blow, whose scar they should carry for years, possibly even for life.

But the vainest among us could not flatter himself, nor delude others, into the belief that he had secured the smallest niche of memory in her heart or her mind. When your brief reign was over, when you had fairly submitted to be harnessed to her triumphant chariot, when you had begun to feel secure that those eyes had looked into yours as they would not, soon at all events, look into another's—lo! your charm was fled for Lady Caprice; and if you were so ill-bred, knew so little of her world, as to even *look* a reproach or a complaint, how gayly and maliciously she would laugh at you! Her white transparent skin, with its delicate rose-tints on her cheeks and the lips, might have been an Amazon's armor, so impenetrable was she to any and all wounds. Clyde Suddeley, before whom all women go down, for whom little notes are piled a foot high at the Guards' and the Travellers', and who counts himself the Richelieu of our day, one season entered at long odds a bet, that he would show the vanquishing Viscountess the other side of the medal, and show her that some could beat her at her pet game. But Clyde lost his bet, was actually drawn on till he was *earnest*, for the first time in his life, and then—was dismissed, with less carelessness than a faded bouquet is thrown aside, while some fresh captive in turn occupied, and in turn vacated, the violet velvet causeuse in the Wilton-crescent boudoir. "Was our brilliant Lady Caprice utterly heartless?" I heard the question mooted by many lips and in many circles, and never heard but one answer—an affirmative.

One September, among many others before and since, I went to stay at Wieverden; the house was, as usual, full; one or two choice pet friends of her ladyship's (lovely, amusing women; *she* was far above the timorous need of selecting foils, as those do whose tenure is frail, and who fear comparison), and numbers of men were there, for no invitation was more readily accepted towards the close of the season than the little Viscount's.

The house was full, as usual. Most of the people were well known to me; others I knew but slightly, familiar as their faces had been through many seasons on the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall;" and one or two were strangers to me, known only by their name and reputation. Among the last class was a man of whom I had often heard; for a cousin of mine, who had served with him in Bengal and Scinde, had conceived for him as romantic a friendship as Bouillon's for Charles Edward, and had often quoted him to me as one of the most dead shots and the most daring riders he had known in either hemisphere; but I had never seen him till we met at Wieverden, for the best of reasons, that he had been out in India for the last ten years with his troop, the —th Light Dragoons. To look at Bertie Erroll the uninitiated might have wondered where the strength lay that had got him so many spears in Bengal, and made him so eager, whenever there was a whisper of a tiger to be pugged, or a swarm of Beloochees coming up in the rear. His figure seemed made for grace rather than for force, and it was only those skilled in such matters who saw how admirably knit his frame was, and how tenacious, muscular a grasp his white hands could take when they chose. His mother had been that rarest of beauties, a fair Spaniard, and there was something not wholly English in his look. He inherited from her the fair silken hair that fell over a forehead no sun could even tinge with bronze, and his long, dark eyes that melted and flashed with Southern warmth when anything touched or roused him, with the fire of a nature proud and passionate, the tenderness of a heart loving and easily galled.

Bertie Erroll had more in him of the gallant Free Companion—half Trouverre, half Soldier, or of the "veray parfit gentil knight" of Chaucer's or of Spencer's day, when honor *was* thought worth fighting for, and chivalry was *not* an empty name, than of our own blase, nonchalant, uninterested, nothing-new-and-nothing-true-and it-don't-signify world. He was already at Wieverden when I arrived there. Everybody liked Erroll. I found nobody's laugh and wit enlivened us better when we had our Manillas in our mouths in the smoking-room; he had a gay, bright, vivid enjoyment of life that was contagious; for he was one of those trustful and ardent temperaments whose Claude glasses are more golden, and (when those are perforce broken from their hands) whose dark hours are darker than any others. The women were all fond of him; they liked his soft and chivalrous manner to them: he had something of the old Castilian courtesy with them, and, fastidious in his taste, which the beauties of bungalows and hill-stations had offered but little to allure, the belles of his own monde had a fresh charm for him after ten years' exile.

"He is charming, that Major Erroll!" said Lady Millicent Clinton to me.

"Go away! you are tame after Bertie Erroll," laughed Beatrice Cassilis, with a little blow of her fan to poor Clive Wynne, of the Blues, who would rather have been proved Mephistopheles and Frankenstein at once than to have lived to endure the disgrace of being called—unamusing!

All the women at Wieverden were ready to pet and flirt with him, rendered romantic in their eyes as he was by the aroma of a recent cool, dare-devil exploit in Scinde that had preceded him homewards, and would have gained him the Victoria had that Cross then been extant. But Bertie Erroll was not a flirt, never had been, and One had marked him whose aim never missed, and from whose fire the boldest and wariest never escaped without at best a wounded wing, that would drag through life a broken and wearisome limb, and whose nerve would flinch to the touch, in the maimed, unhealed spot, many a long year after.

"Erroll's au mieux with Lady Caprice," said Winterton to me, the first evening I arrived there.

"Au mieux!" echoed Wynne. "Au pire, *I* should say, if it be not too barbarous for a Gallicism—I vote we bring it into usage, as the antithesis of the all-expressive and immeasurably comprehensive 'au mieux;' (the prettiest picture must have its dark side, its back of the canvas!) For Lady Caprice's bright eyes to fall on him, and decide on his desirability as a captive, I should say is about the *worst* fate that can befal a man. It's to be poisoned by a bonbon, it's to be murdered by kissing the tips of a little dainty white glove, it's to—

> "Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

"The deuce, Clive!" cried Winterton, "you must think very seriously of a subject if you are stirred to the length of a quotation! Never heard you so eloquent before! Have you suffered?"

"In my day, perhaps," laughed Wynne, a certain bitterness crossing his face, impassive and well-disciplined though it is, and though I know that it never moved a muscle when a shot winged him at the Alma. "Erroll's been staying at Vichy through all July, August, and September; so has Lady Caprice. Bellays was there, too, and he told me her ladyship had doomed Bertie, he was sure. She was bringing all her batteries to play on him, and—if we didn't all know Lady Caprice too well—he should have positively thought her heart was engaged in the matter. Fancy Lady Caprice with a heart! She would be Lady Caprice no longer. Poor Bertie! *he's* drawn into the general fate, I can see. I am very sorry!"

There was one thing remarkable about Lady Caprice's myriad conquests; her victims, however furiously they fought for her favor during their days of illusion and glamor, however, wearily the wound, as I have said, throbbed in after days, when she had well-nigh forgotten ever having added them to her triumphs, as the Apache adds the scalps of the slain, and forgets them in the excitement of a fresh encounter, they never thought of being *jealous* of those who succeeded them, they only—*pitied them!* with a profound, compassionate, tender pity, as those warier travellers who have tasted the ashes of the Dead Sea apples might pity younger ones lured by the bloom, or as Thomas of Erceldoune, as he rushed on the magic steed through the midnight gloom, breasting the dark-rushing waters, may be presumed to have compassionated all hapless mortals who like him should be led and misled by the witching touch of the Queen of Faerie.

Even the Queen of Faerie, as she appeared to the Rhymer under the green and golden sheen of the woodland boughs that fateful midsummer hour, could not have been lovelier to sight than Lady Caprice, as she sat that evening in the blue drawing-room in her own particular dormeuse, the gleam of the wax-lights illumining her lovely laughing eyes, her delicate lips curving now and then with their own peculiar smile, that had more of mockery, than of tenderness in them at all times; her dazzling, matchless beauty that by some link of resemblance always brought to my mind Mignard's Portrait aux Amours, and that portrait's original of the "Dove's Eyes and the Serpent's Tongue." The Maltese was curled up on his velvet cushion at her feet; a fitting pet for so fair a mistress, with his snowy curls and azure ribbons. The Viscount was absorbed in ecarte with Bucelo Ruel, one of the best players of France or England; Lady Millicent was singing some French songs—her voice is sweeter than any prima donna's in these days so barren of cantatrici, and she makes us rate it yet higher by hardly ever allowing mortal ears to hear it; Beatrice Cassilis was playing chess with her sworn vassal Clan, known to the peerage and the public as the Earl of Clanmorris and Kirth; and our Lady Caprice was doing nothing, as usual, but letting herself be amused by A'Court, Alvanley, the Duke de Courrances, and Eyre Lee, who stood round her, while—significant sign and most enviable post!—Bertie Erroll had been given the low chair beside her dormeuse, where it was her custom to instal her *pro tempo* pet conquest. Oh! those women—what *are* they worth, that we should hold as such high prize and priceless honor a seat near their chair, a dead flower from their bouquet, a mere glance of their eyes, a mere touch of their hand? But we *do* so hold them, and women like our fair Lady Caprice triumph in the weakness, and know well how to give to those trifles their uttermost weight, and to make us pay down a price for them that in our saner moments we might be appalled to have levied upon us for things of far deeper value. Winterton was right; Erroll was au mieux with the radiant hostess of Wieverden. I knew those dangerous glances of old; I knew when her eye grew so softly brilliant under their upcurled lashes—when her gay laugh rang out so low and sweetly—when her manner changed so capriciously and bewitchingly from gay coquetry to languid softness—I knew Lady Caprice was bent on victory, was giving her Brinvilliers' poison in a cluster of roses, was pouring out the Aqua Toffania into a delicate goblet of sparkling Chiante, whose intoxication none proffered it ever had will strong enough or head steady enough to withstand. I had often seen Lady Caprice at her favorite fencing; I had seen her come down with bright burnished arms to the slaughter, gayly and glitteringly as the young noblesse at Steinkirk; I had seen her laugh her pretty pitiless laughter when faces grew white as death under the sting of her mocking words, and I saw now that her fresh victim was doomed. If it were doom, however—a doom to be dreaded and shunned—no prophetic shadow of the end marred his present. Bertie Erroll had been ten years out of England; what did *he* know of our Lady Caprice, who ten years before had been a mere debutante in her first season, just affianced to the Right Hon. Viscount, whom Madame Mere had selected as the best part of the time? What did *he* know of our Lady Caprice, the skilled coquette, the trained woman of the world, the beauty reguante of the drawing-rooms, the conqueror of the violet boudoirs, who tangled Hereditary Princes in her meshes, and added astutest statesmen to her train? Nothing! And no one put him on his guard; for we do not intermeddle with each other's concerns after the peculiar habit of women (who give and receive some fifty thousand diverse counsels, I believe, on every topic, especially if that topic be an affair of the heart); since *we* presume a man knows his own business better than we can know it for him, and if we did interfere, should be most likely to receive a "go to the deuce!" or a pistol-shot by way of recompense for our good intentions. While Lady Millicent's voice rang out rich, mournful, and clear, and Beatrice Cassilis laughed with Clan over their chess, which appeared the very reverse or scientific, Erroll leaned forward in his chair, I remember that evening looking up into the exquisite face beside him, talking in low tones that could not rudely reach Lady Millicent's ear, with a glad, eager light in his eyes as they met those of Lady Caprice, that told he was drinking, possibly had already drunk, of the glowing Chiante, without dreaming of the poison that would lurk in the dregs when the goblet was emptied, and the white, soft hands were holding it to other lips. Had he been wise, he might have said, with two lines in Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems,"

> I fear you . . . . because you are far too fair,
> And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your golden hair.

But such meshes are far too magically sweet for men ever to fear them in *real* life, if in long years after they may live to regret the web those meshes wove. Many older than he had lost their heads, and gone down, in very despite of themselves, before the gay, wily coquetries of Lady Caprice, and the long summer days at Vichy had not passed by, I fancied, without adding another to her endless bead-roll of victories. Wynne was right; Bertie Erroll was doomed; and as I marked how his eyes softened and grew dark as they looked up into hers, how glad and ardent a light there beamed in his face as he bent towards her, I thought he might pay a costlier price than men of a lighter nature or a colder temperament—I thought he might lose a heavier stake than most of her victims in my lady's dangerous heart-game, a stake that, perhaps, might beggar him for life. But does the wily Greek, who deals out to us so softly and (ostensibly) so fairly, the tempting, seductive cards, knowing well how he will keep the king in his own hand, and win all the gold pieces you have adventured on the game, pray does he care whether or no those gold pieces be your all, whether or no you go forth ruined and beggared from the salon—so long as *he* has won the game he wished? Basta! no; for Greeks, male and female, of the gaming-house or the social circle, are a rapacious, merciless race, from whose vocabulary Pity is crossed out with a contemptuous dash of the pencil.

At no house in the kingdom, as I say, did days pass more charmingly than at Wieverden. What need to dwell on its attractions?—was not our hostess Lady Caprice? She rarely troubled herself to visit the county people. "Why should I? Drive twenty miles over bad roads only to be bored when I reach my destination? Heaven forefend!" she would cry, arching her delicate pencilled eyebrows, if anybody mooted the subject, or her lord, who was too well-bred a fellow, and knew his place too well ever to interfere with her actions and dictates, suggested the possibility of being a little "sociable" with minor neighbors when his second brother Jack stood for the county. Lady Caprice never followed the hounds either; she held fast women in a calm, disdainful pity. "You laugh with, and you laugh at, fast women, but you never like them. Of course you don't want an ill-done replica, a weak water-color copy of yourself; lips scented with your own cigarettes, words twanging with your own slang,—you don't want that sort of thing from us; it's all stale to you; it never *tells*," she used to say, knowing better, perhaps, than any other woman in England what *did* "tell" with us and upon us. Lady Caprice, therefore, spent little of her time out of doors, save in those miracles of horticulture, her rose-gardens, where Beckford might have dreamt of Vathek, and Tom Moore of the vale of Cashmere.

As for the Viscount, *he* never troubled his head about the flirtations and conquests of his bewitching wife. Madame Mere had "made" that alliance, and (a customary result of "made" alliances, of which a third person is the concoctor, Expediency the cementer, and Covenance the arbitrator) the marital atmosphere at Wieverden was of that very general and useful if somewhat *fade* tint called dicreetly "friendship." Perhaps, too, he knew what *we* could certainly have told him, that the gold-spurred and fire-proof though dainty-broidered brodequins of Lady Caprice danced, thanks to their own imperviousness, unburnt over fiery red-hot ploughshares, where feet more tenderly shod might—nay, must—have been scorched and seared to the bone long ere the Ordeal was passed.

The Viscount, therefore, never troubled himself about the coquetries of Lady Caprice. Possibly he thought all her victims very silly fellows, and wondered what they could see in her so exquisite. So her husband was the only man in the house who failed to see what we all did, that Bertie Erroll was the last caprice of Lady Caprice, and had lost his head about her more utterly, more madly, than any of her captives were wont to do. God help him! he was cursed with one of those loving, trusting, fiery, ardent natures to whom calculation is unknown, with whom doubt is death, and who wager their all on a single die. To such life is rarely kind, and women, like children, prize the costlier toy a little higher for the moment than their common playthings, only to break it and throw it aside—pleased to see their own power over the complex springs that are shattered by the fall.

The dangerous smiles we knew so well of old seemed to fall with yet softer and more dazzling light on Bertie Erroll than they had ever done on any one, and had I not, like Wynne, known Lady Caprice too well to accuse her of possessing so weak a point in her organization, I should have fancied, as Winterton had done at Vichy, that her heart was positively concerned in this last conquest; that she had not played with touchwood for so long a time with such impunity, but what at the last the flames she amused herself with fanning into life might have drawn her into their fiery circle, and ignited her at last, however clad in the triple asbestos of vanity, coquetry, and heartlessness. But I doubt if a vain woman ever loves but herself, or ever suffers more unselfish sorrows than those of mortification, and a vain woman our lovely Lady Caprice was without doubt, not so much of her beauty—she was above that—but of her power, her triumph, her omnipotence. Indeed, could she well help it, with incense ever swung before her, censed by no mean hands either, and with every man whom she chanced to beckon to her side eager to fling away the warmest love of other women for the coldest smile from Lady Caprice? We allow for the wind that makes a shot swerve, but do we ever allow for the side breezes that have blown steadily on the nature of a man or a woman with so strong a current that its course is shaped, nolens volens, by their influence? Never, I take it; and yet on all characters, more or less, bear *some* such side-winds, with a few, perhaps, mere zephyrs, but with others, lasting gales that waft them far on, and have much to do with shaping their course and their destiny. The breezes that had blown on Lady Caprice from her childhood had ever been heavy with incense, puffed by worldly wisdom, and sweetly scented with flattery and adulation. Perhaps it was not wonderful that they had bent her character vanity-wards, as the winds will blow a flower westwards till the stem be curved and bent past recovery.

"What's play to her is earnest to him," said Wynne, one morning to me while we stood on the south terrace smoking after luncheon, and saw Lady Caprice with Erroll beside her, and Amor shaking his blue ribbons before, saunter through the iron-scroll gate that led to that exquisite floral paradise the rose-garden. Wynne need not have troubled himself to paraphrase the hackneyed saying—the older and more graphic wording would have suited the case quite as well. In that game it is rarely, I fancy, that diamond cuts diamond, it is usually more or less metaphorically, play to the one and death to the other: the victor rides gayly away from the encounter with the toy-lance safe and unsplintered, and the silver shield flashing brightly in the sunlight; and the vanquished lies left biting the dust and ruing the day when he tried his arms in the unequal tournament. Sometimes, it is true, the lances may ring merrily on either shield, and the combatants separate with their pennons fluttering, and no greave in the armor of either pierced: but when Agnes Hotot rode down to the combat, Ringwood fell; and when Lady Caprice entered the lists her opponent was ever unhorsed. She flirted more dangerously, too, with Erroll than even she had ever done with any, less openly, and for that very reason more tenderly—de Courances, Albany, A'Court, all on whom she exercised her resistless coquetries by caprices that changed each day—nay, each hour—envied him savagely the softer glance which fell only on him, the softer intonation into which her tone of raillery and mockery changed, perhaps, unconsciously, when addressing him. She teased him at times—such a woman can no more help teasing you when you are in her power than a cat can help teasing a mouse that is shivering under his velvet paw. Sometimes she would neglect him utterly, lift her eyebrows wearisomely when he spoke to her, smile on De Courances a whole morning or evening, and then amusing herself by bringing Bertie to her side again by one single word or one languid glance from under her silky curled lashes. She teased him as Lady Caprice teased any and all who fettered themselves with her rose-chains and drank of her poisoned Chiante; she teased him—and at such times prudence flung to the winds, pride forgot, and self-possession powerless to stimulate a careless indifference, a courteous vacuity—he would turn away his face turning pallid as a woman's, and a strange deep anguish darkening his eyes. And then Lady Caprice would toy with Amor's ribbons, or gently flutter her fan, or play with the pages of her novelette, laughing low and mockingly to herself, and flirting with Bucelo or Courances, putting out all her most witching coquetries, and after a while, as I say, beckon him back to her on some trifling errand, and bend her tenderest gaze upon him once more, and smile to herself to see how the dark cloud roused by her caprices was dispelled again by a word; smile to herself to see how glad and grateful a light shone in his eyes, how easily he forgot and forgave the cruelty passed, how blindly and lovingly he caressed the silken gyves that were each hour weighing down his strength, and eating into his flesh, and binding him farther and farther, closer and closer, down to an iron thraldom. Heaven help him! he loved her not wisely, but too well; many have so erred to their own cost since the day when the changing shadows flitted on and off the paper where Shakspeare's hand was tracing the words for Viola's lips to utter.

PART II.

The gallery at Wieverden is a favorite lounge of mine; on a wet day for half an hour there is no more charming resort in the whole house to my taste. I like the old portraits, too: Lely's women, with their voluptuous forms and parted lips, and the curls that Charles, and Rochester, and Villiers used to play with at Hampton and Whitehall; Kneller's portraits, with their odor of St. James's; Vandyke and Jamesone's gallant gentlemen of the Stuart reign, with their point ruffles over the white hands that held up the Royal Standard in the death-grapple at Naseby and Marston Moor; Reynolds's lovely, laughing girls, glancing at you with such sunny smiles that Youth eternal blooms upon the canvas, making you muse bitterly, sadly, futilely, why mortal Youth is doomed to the brief bloom of the rose, the fleeting fragrance of the morning dew, the evanescent glories of the painted insect's wing, which glitters in the sunshine but to die!

The old portraits are friends of mine; their faces always wear the same kindly look, the same welcoming smile; can I say so much for the faces of my living friends? I fancy not; what can you, my good sir, of yours? The gallery at Wieverden is a favorite lounge of mine, and I was standing in one of its deep recessed windows one day after luncheon, trying to catch a proper light at last on an old time-browned Venetian picture (master unknown), whose atmosphere was all *obscure* without a dash of the *chiaro* in it, when I heard some persons enter the gallery by the west door from the terrace, which ran along that side of the house. They could not see me, nor did I them, the heavy folds of the curtains screening us, the one from the other; but the voice that was speaking I knew; the gay, silvery, mocking tones so wholly her own, that had so indescribable a music, yet that equally indescribably had a certain ring that lacked *feeling*, could belong to no one else living on this earth save Lady Caprice.

"My dear Bertie, you are unreasonable; and, pardon me! really for a man of the world you are wonderfully stupid! We are not Corydons and Phillises, Edouards and Julies now, you know. Heaven forbid. I don't suppose people ever *were*, were they, out of eglogues and romances? When Philips and Shenstone were writing their pastorals to Daphne and Delia, the world was amusing itself, you know, at Ranelagh and Vauxhall; they might write now,

> "'From a hazel's artless bower,
> Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;'

but Strephon in real life would have found the hazel bower very damp and uncomfortable, with plenty of insects about it, I fancy; and I know the 'soft warbling' would very soon have killed Phillis with ennui!'

"Very likely, when the warbling had lost its novelty! The croak of a frog, *new* to her ear, sounds sweeter to a woman than the richest note of a bird tamed to her hand, whose music is no trouble to win!"

The answer was bitterly spoken, with a touch of irony and melancholy in it that showed some latent reproach lay hid in the little metaphor. The speaker was Bertie Erroll.

Lady Caprice laughed; her ringing, mocking laugh.

"You mean to be sarcastic, mon ami? Well, sarcasms are truer than pastorals. I give you permission to use them, though you are surely the first person who ever dared to indulge in them *to* me and *of* me. But you imagine yourself wronged just now, ill treated, all sorts of nonsense, don't you? You are angry, jealous; so one must forgive you, I suppose!"

"My God! do not jest," broke in Erroll, passionately; "do not play with me like this, Beatrice, for the sake of Heaven! Light mocking words from you are worse than

death to me. *Are* you heartless as they say? Is it true that you amuse yourself with men's anguish, as a child with the pain of a crushed butterfly?"

Lady Caprice interrupted him again with her bell-like, tantalising laugh.

"Well, mon ami, the butterfly should not trust itself in the child's hands, and its wings should not be so tender that they can be crushed by a touch! Amuse myself, you say; is that a crime? Whom, pray you, should I amuse *but* 'myself;' there is nobody *I* like so well. I don't profess to be philanthropic, and certainly not to be constant! Don't you remember they call me Lady *Caprice?*"

She had crossed half the gallery, and had come within my sight now; the sunlight streamed in, bathing her in golden radiance that lit up her rich delicate dress, flashed off the rings on her white fingers as they toyed with Amor's blue ribbon, and heightened the matchless loveliness of her face as she laughed gayly and carelessly, a mocking light in her luminous eyes, a mocking smile on her parted lips.

"Great Heaven! is this all the tenderness—all the pity you have to give me now? Have you forgotten how at Vichy you pardoned, what I feared was an unpardonable error—how you forgave my mad, guilty, hopeless passion—how, merciful Heaven! so brief awhile ago you vowed you loved me so well—vowed to me, vowed as fondly as a woman could—"

The color burnt hot on her cheek, then grew paler on Lady Caprice's lips, and they closed tightly and coldly over her white teeth, as he muttered the brief words low and huskily, gazing at her with an anguished, passionate reproach in his eyes. I could see them both from my oriel window as they passed into the golden radiance slanting in from the western clouds without. Is it ever wise to allude to the past with a woman? I think not; the allusion at least displeased Lady Caprice—perhaps because she could not dispute it, could not rebuke him for it!

"Major Erroll, recrimination, of all things, is the most wearisome and the least well bred. When people begin to reproach each other, their conversation had better be ended: it has certainly ceased to be agreeable!" And with her low moquer laugh—a laugh such as might have been a transmittance from Madame de Montespan, yet which sounded less silvery, less careless than usual, something like "sweet bells, harsh and jangled, out of tune"—she swept past Erroll through the opposite door, which stood open as I had left it, the Maltese following her, tossing his azure ribbons; yet as she turned her head to shake the little dog off her dress, on whose skirts it was treading, in its eager haste to be close to its mistress, her eyes flashed on Erroll's through their curled lashes, with a glance of malice, tenderness, triumph, softness, coquetry, all in one—a glance which made him follow her with the eager, blind devotion of the little Maltese, his fellow slave, and I heard no more as the heavy oak-door closed upon them both.

It was a glance behind the scenes, a stray page dropped out of a private volume, a glimpse into the inner currents that seethed, and whirled, and foamed under the light, sparkling, smooth, sunny waves of life at Wieverden. The witty, lively, careless speeches learnt from their part-books, and spoken on the boards by the actors and actresses in the great Comedy of Life, are not the words they write down in their diaries, penned at night in solitude. The "Memoires Secrets," locked safely in the cabinet, are very different to the carefully-culled and politely-prepared biographies given to the prying eyes of the public.

That evening Lady Caprice shone her most brilliant, her most bewitching self. At dinner her gay wit, just pointed with malice, as a prize-arrow with silver, sparkled as brightly as the lights sparkled on the opals in her hair—those stones of ill-omen, that pale and flash as if with human joy and human grief. Her eyes gleamed with their most dangerous glances, her laugh rang out with its low, clear music, as though it rang a merry carillon at her own triumphs and her own power. She gave her softest smiles to De Courances, and the Duke, who hated Erroll fiercely, and had barely concealed his dislike as completely as the courtesies of Wieverden required, flirted with her a outrance, mingling together bons mots and gallantries, while Lady Caprice laughed graciously at the first, and smiled graciously on the second. The Viscount, you know, was like his Grace of Fitz-Fulke, "nobody thought of *him;*" nor did he want to be thought of: he sat sipping his Johannisberg and his Lafitte, and, talking of a pack of harriers for which he, or rather his head-huntsman, was in treaty, blandly indifferent to all the caprices of Lady Caprice. But Erroll sat silent throughout dinner, and though none else might have noticed it save his hostess, *I*, with the key given me in the gallery, saw how white his cheek grew with suppressed jealousy, how dark his eyes burned with passions held in check.

Not even Lady Caprice had ever coquetted more desperately than she coquetted that night with De Courances; and now and then, under her silky lashes, she glanced at Erroll, and then her laugh rang out more merrily and mockingly still, as though in triumph at her power, in amusement at the pain she inflicted. You pity the first bird you shoot when a boy, you pity the first man you slay in battle; but when you have picked the game off by hundreds in a battue, cut down half-a-dozen or more in different skirmishes, pity has long evaporated; you only think of the sport, you only think of the victory!

Wieverden, as I have said, stands on the west coast, facing a sheltered bay, the surf rippling up upon the smooth sand-beach, about a mile and a half from the lodge gates. In summer, through the trees, you catch the sunny sparkle of the waves, and in autumn, as you drop off to sleep, the low, rythmical moan of the sea mingles with the sough of the wind among the red-leafed boughs, and haunts your dreams with its wild, mournful music. That night, as we sat at dinner, unnoticed by us, amidst the mots and the laughter circling round the table, the wind rose and blew in angry gusts over Vanburgh's tall cupolas and clustered chimneys, and against the stained glass of the vast hall-windows, while the sea in the bay beyond began to moan and sigh with the prescience of a coming storm: a wild night was coming up, a night to give sharp work to any vessels off the rocks, or any fishing-craft imprudently belated.

"It will be a stormy night for the poor devils at sea," said Winterton, when the ladies had left us.

"Oh! there are wrecks every week at this time of the year," said the Viscount, as coolly as Lady Sale wrote, "Earthquakes as usual!" dropping his walnuts into his sherry.

The wax-lights shone with their soft, pleasant light, making the opals in Lady Caprice's hair flash and gleam in their radiance, when we went to the drawing-rooms. Lady Millicent sang us gay barcarolles and charming chansons, the Viscount and Bucelo sat down to their nightly ecarte, Lady Caprice signed De Courances beside her and resumed her flirtation; the storm howled without, but the shrieking of the wind among the park woodlands, and the angry roar of sea beyond, only enhanced by contrast the mirth, gayety, warmth and comfort of the blue drawing-room at Wieverden to most of us. To one the storm without raging in its fury chimed fitting sympathy with the storm at work within him. Bertie Erroll sat a little apart, ostensibly reading a Paris novelette, but in truth watching the coquetteries of Lady Caprice with De Courances, with a passionate anguish in his eyes piteous to see. Many had cursed the day when Lady Caprice's dazzling eyes had first flashed on them, but with none, I think, had she ever so completely twisted herself into their life and love as she had done in a few brief months into his. She had seen his nature was a difficult one to conquer, but, when conquered, one that would be utterly and hopelessly at her mercy; and, like a child with a costly toy, she had no better pleasure than to bend and break it at her will.

It was growing near midnight. Bucelo and the Viscount were still deep in their ecarte. I was wishing the ladies would retire, and leave us all free to seek the smoking-room. Lady Caprice was flirting still more tenderly, still more desperately with her Duke, glancing now and then at Erroll, and smiling amusedly at herself as she read what his face, as he bent over the novelette, spoke undisguisedly; the fire-light glancing in the opals in her hair and in her radiant, laughing eyes.

It was growing near midnight, when a blast of wind roared over the trees, waking Amor from his slumber, and we heard distinctly, as Lady Millicent ceased singing "Les Yeux Bleus," the firing of a minute-gun.

"Poor little Amor! Quiet—quiet!" said Lady Caprice, soothing the Maltese, startled by the wind.

"You mark the King," said the Viscount, without looking up from his game.

"A gun! How very late to be shooting!" said Lady Millicent, who is somewhat stupid, it must be confessed; all her strength lying in her beauty and her voice. Wynne leant over my chair:

"There's a vessel in distress. Like to go down to the beach, old fellow; may as well, eh?"

Bertie Erroll, who always roused at danger, as setter at scent of game, rose instinctively, throwing his long, fair hair off his forehead, while his eyes lightened from their weary sadness.

The gun was fired again, its plaintive appeal for aid rising above the roar of the winds. I moved to our host's chair, and told him Wynne and I were going down to the beach to see what was up, or what might be done in the way of help.

"Go, my dear fellows, by all means. It wouldn't be an entertainment to *my taste*; but that's nothing. Take any of the men with you that you like. We're five all, Bucelo," answered the Viscount, resuming his game.

"A wreck! Ah! they often happen off here, I believe. Lord Clive going to see it? Dear me, what a peculiar taste!" said Lady Caprice, shrugging her white shoulders, and drooping her eyes with their tenderest, softest light on De Courances. "*You* won't go, Monsieur le Duc? Oh, pray don't! it's quite dreadful. You may be washed into the surf, you know, or dashed on to the rocks. I *command* you not—take heed you obey me!"

Erroll, standing near her chair, saw the softened glance, caught the words of solicitous anxiety (felt or feigned) for his rival, as Courances bent down, with triumph glistening in his eyes, to whisper an answer of gratitude, and a spasm of anguish passed over his face as he played with the leaves of the novelette. Lady Caprice left the room to retire for the night a moment afterwards, and Erroll followed her, under pretext of lighting her taper. Crossing the hall, to dress in some more fitting garb for the wild night without, I caught the bitter words he muttered to her as he handed her her candle.

"Beatrice, Beatrice! would you now care for one hour—would you now give me one thought—if *I* shared the fate you feared for your new lover?"

They were spoken bitterly; there was a sarcastic weary smile on his lips, but there was a pitiful wistfulness of hope *against* hope in his eyes and his words.

Lady Caprice laughed, her witching, heartless laugh, as she took her candle from his hand.

"Certainly not! You amused me yesterday, somebody else will amuse me to-morrow if you are not here. I never waste thoughts on absent people, specially on those who are as uncntertaining as you have been of late. A demain!—good night!"

And she floated up the marble staircase, her opals gleaming in the light, her rich dress brushing against the white statuettes and gilded balustrades. He looked after her till she vanished from his sight, then he crossed the hall slowly and staggeringly, like a man sick and blind with pain. It was the last time his eyes rested upon Lady Caprice.

The sea was dashing with impotent rage against the granite cliffs, and roaring with hollow thunder over the shingle beach where that morning it had played with the weeds and the shells, and sparkled bright and harmless in the sunlight. When we reached the shore, the few fishermen who dwelt near had already gathered there, (life-boats were unknown in that solitary part of the western coast,) consulting on the best chance of giving help to the vessel that, as well as we could make out in the darkness, had already struck on a rock, known to the men of the district as the Devil's Point—a name due to a legend of a phantom-ship, which has no purpose here. The night was dark, and the gale of wind sweeping round the cliffs came up with a roar like thunder; the storm had raged fiercer as the hours had rolled on, and a drenching rain fell in torrents, and only now and then, when the clouds were swept off the face of the moon, and the white ghastly light gleamed on the waters, could we see the Devil's Point, reared out of the foam like a grim sentinel, and the vessel lying helpless, like a black log at the mercy of the waves, that leaped, and whirled, and eddied round it, as if in fiendish exultation at this human prey.

"No boats will live through that sea," said Wynne, briefly.

"True enow, my lord," echoed one of the men, who knew him well.

"Poor wretches, they will go down then!" said Winter, as a cry from the doomed vessel rang over the water, shrill and clear, through the roar of the waves and the sullen murmur of the winds. "No boat can reach them; a good swimmer, perhaps, might—"

"Ay, ay, sir!" interrupted one of the fishermen, eagerly, a mere boy, not more than twenty. "Give me a rope, Bill; the gentleman's right. *I'll go!*"

"No you will not—give it to me," said Erroll, briefly, as he flung down his clothes and began to fasten the rope round his waist.

I caught sight of his face as the moonlight flashed on it; it was pale and set, the face of a man hopeless, fearless, reckless, weary.

"Nonsense, Erroll, let me go! I'm stronger than you; your arm is weak still from that spent shot," began Wynne.

"Let *me* go, sir! I know these seas uncommon well. I ain't afeard of not reaching her," began the men, one and all, their mettle roused.

Erroll silenced them all, and shook me off as I laid my hand on his arm.

"Let me go," he muttered. "Death or life—they are alike to me. You all have some to care for you, some to regret you. *I* have none; let me go! If I save but one life, it will be a happier one than mine!"

We held our breath as we watched him, watched the waves close over his head, and watched him rise to the surface again, the fitful moon shedding its wavering light on the foaming sea. The men on the wreck saw him too, and gave a shout of welcome and of joy that rose above the roar of the storm. Then the clouds swept all light away, and the wind, that had lulled for a moment, rose wilder and fiercer than ever. Great Heaven! could he live through such a sea? We did not know; we could not tell; the great darkness hid all from our sight; minutes that seemed hours passed in a dead, oppressive silence, only broken by the shriek of the wind and the sullen thunder of the devouring waters.

God knows how long had passed when the moon shone out once more—shone out to show us, some yards away, a form tossed, bruised and bleeding, on the shore. The waves in their mad sport must have flung him on the sharp edges of the rocks; there were the marks as of a heavy blow on his left temple, and the blood had matted his long fair hair; his eyes were closed, his breath came slowly and gaspingly, and we saw death was written on his face as we gathered round him.

"Beatrice, Beatrice, will you give me one thought? You loved me once—my God!—"

Bending down to him, I caught his murmured, unconscious words, and I saw his hand move faintly to a little miniature-case that hung round his neck by a hair-chain.

Then his lips parted with a convulsive sigh—and Bertie Erroll was dead, the mournful moon rays shedding their ghastly light about him where he lay.

When the laughing, rosy dawn of the morrow rose in the east, and lit up the sparkling sea, that was murmuring contentedly its eternal song over the spot where the wreck had sunk—when the early morning sunshine gleamed through the avenue boughs and through the bright-stained windows of Wieverden, it shone into the chamber where the dead man lay, and played among his golden hair and round the rigid lips that it had no power to warm, no magic to wake back to life.

A solemn silence had fallen on the gay, careless household with the sudden ice chill of death. The sun had risen before any sought their rooms; all at last had done so, save myself, when, half involuntarily, I turned down the corridor, and sought the distant chamber where we had laid him, musing as I went, on this story, of which I alone had caught glimpse of a few pages, of which I could know no more than what I have told you here. The miniature I had taken from his breast, lest it should catch the prying eyes of servants, had spoken much—it was the miniature of Lady Caprice. What had those long midsummer days at Vichy heard and seen? I cannot tell; the days were with the past, the secret was with the dead man.

I opened the door softly,—as though I could awaken him! There he lay, the sunlight falling on his bright hair and on his white brow, slightly contracted as with pain, otherwise calm and tranquil enough; and by him, pressing her lips on his, her form convulsed with passionate sobs, knelt—Lady Caprice. Who had told her? I do not know. We had given orders to keep it carefully from the women.

"My love, my love!" I heard her murmur, as she cowered closer to him, burying her face on the breast of the dead man, and trembling with agonized grief as she knelt beside him, "your blood is on my head—your death is at my door! *I* have killed you—I, who loved you—God help me—so well—so well!—though I trifled with you, though I tortured you—"

Her voice broke down in a passion of low, bitter sobs, and I closed the door and left her with two fell companions—a grief that was hopeless, a remorse that was deathless.

"Was she utterly heartless?" Often I had heard that question asked—little I had dreamed how I should see that question solved! We had called her so heartless not without just cause; but at last she had loved, at last her weapon had recoiled upon herself. Many and many a time I have met Lady Caprice since that hour. Her friends marvel at the change in her—cold, distant, reserved even to banter, she passes through the world matchless still for beauty, but a coquette no longer; even the smile that comes upon her lips is chill, wintry, forced. She is a proud, beautiful, flattered woman now as then; but she is "Lady Caprice" no more. "Blasee du monde," suggests Winter. "Turned devote?" asks Wynne. "Grown prudent," laughs Suddeley. I alone have the key to the locked chamber; I alone have read the secret page in the volume; I alone know why a white tomb at Wieverden, covered in spring with violets and lilies of the valley, lying under the shadow of the chestnut-boughs within sight of the sunny rippling ocean, makes the world valueless to her; why all the beauty of her life is faded, and lies dead, prisoned for ever in that single grave by the sea.

PACIFIC RAILWAY JUBILEE.

The passage by Congress of the Pacific Railway bill was celebrated in San Francisco on the evening of the 10th ultimo by a grand torchlight procession of the firemen and a general illumination of the public and private buildings of the city. Among the mottoes on the transparencies were the following:

"San Francisco, the jumping off depot! Thus far, and you must take to the water! The waste places shall be made glad! The wilderness shall blossom as the rose." "American Iron only to be used!" Cheap Homesteads along the great routes! Alternate sections besides the railway only one dollar and a quarter per acre!"

"Long live our republic! The government gives $60 000,000 towards the building of the Grand Trans Continental Railway."

"The Cable proved a fable. The Railroad is surer when built, it will endure!" "Little Indian Boy step out of the way for the big engine!"

"Fresh No. 4 Mackerel, six days from Belfast—Chesapeake Bay Oysters, six days from the water!"

"Now time and space are in the race! San Francisco in 1863, 100,000 inhabitants. San Francisco in 1872, 1,000,000 inhabitants. San Francisco in 1863, $55,000 000 assessible property. San Francisco in 1872, $500,000,000 assessible property."

"The Iron of the East.—(Painted clasped hand.)—The Gold of the West."

"Westward the march of Empire streams its way."

"The Locomotive—His prow is wet with the surge foam of either Ocean. His breast is grim with the sands of the Desert."

"From New York to San Francisco—By the Horn, 16,000 miles! By the Isthmus, 6 000 miles! By the Railroad, 3,000 miles! From New York to San Francisco—By the Horn, 100 days! By the Isthmus, 25 days! By the railroad, 4 days!"

"The Pacific Railroad—Uncle Sam's Waistband. He has grown so corpulent that he would burst without it!"

"No need for thy elephants, O Siam. It follows the track of the buffalo."

"A long twilight when coming west; a quick daybreak when going east. Score up your longitude, Mr. Conductor."

"Cape Horn be blowed—Salt Lake City, the Half-way House; Brigham Young, Esq., Major Switch-Tender."

"Married—In June, 1862, by the High Priests of North America, Mr. Atlantic to Miss Pacific, all of the same nation."

"Hurrah for the land where the moor and the mountain
Are sparkling with treasures no language hath told;
Where the wave of the river and spray of the fountain
Are bright with the glitter of genuine gold!"

"In one decade the road is made."

"From Season to Season, on the same parallel, a Thousand Miles are as one Day."

"The American Union!—From Sea to Sea, clasped by bands of Iron and hooks of Steel."

A DRAFT FOR 300,000 MILITIA FOR NINE MONTHS ORDERED.—600,000 MORE MEN WANTED IN ALL.

War Department, Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1862.—Order calling for militia from the several states:—

Ordered—1st. That a draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called into the service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the states, and establish regulations for the draft.

2d. That, if any state shall not, by the 15th of August, furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers in that state will also be made by special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish regulations for this purpose.

3d. Regulations will be prepared by the War Department and presented to the President with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteers, for meritorious and distinguished services, and of preventing the nomination or appointment in the military service of incompetent or unworthy officers. The regulations will also provide for ridding the service of such incompetent persons as now hold commissions.

By order of the President.
(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.—The United States Grand Jury in Indiana have indicted a number of men as belonging to this order. They say it was originally a filibustering organization, but is now a secession one. Two hundred witnesses belonging to the order, taken from all parts of the state, were examined. They claimed to have 15,000 members in Indiana—and they held secret meetings, &c. They are sworn to fire over each other's heads, if the Northern and Southern members should be enlisted, and should meet in battle.

NEWS ITEMS.

DISCOURAGING ENLISTMENTS.—The penalty for discouraging enlistments in any way, even by persuasion—in this state, is solitary imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor for a term not exceeding ten years, and a fine not exceeding $5,000—either or both, at the discretion of the court in which such conviction shall have been obtained.

TREATING TEAZLES FOR NAPPING CLOTH.—The teazle wires are employed on machines for carding the surface of woollen cloth prior to pressing it, are brittle and easily broken. For the purpose of rendering them stronger and more durable they have been treated successfully with a solution of the sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), and afterwards dried. A patent has been obtained by R. A. Brooman, London, for the improvement.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.—The Bangor Whig says that the town of Orono, Maine, has furnished one hundred and thirty-five soldiers since the commencement of the war, previous to the last call. Of that number not one has been killed in battle or died from sickness.

THE REBEL STRENGTH.—The New York Post professes to have reliable information that the entire rebel army never exceeded 350,000 effective men, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; that the force about Richmond reached, at the highest, 120,000 men, of whom only 90,000 were on the Peninsula during the memorable seven days, and of whom 60,000 only were used against our flanks and exposed points. The rebel loss was 28,000 killed and wounded. Richmond has since been one vast hospital.

A CURIOUS THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT has recently appeared at Naples, announcing that, after being closed for the long period of eighteen hundred years, the Pompeii Theatre, rebuilt on the ruins of the ancient establishment, will be opened with "La Figlia del Reggimento." The speculative manager adds in his quaint bill, that he trusts that the favor and patronage which were liberally accorded to his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martinus, will be continued to him, and that he purposes doing all in his power to equal, if possible surpass, the abilities displayed by Signor Martinus during his management.

MAKING LIGHT OF HIS LOSS.—General Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball during the recent battles, and was amputated above the elbow. While being borne on a litter he met General Kearney, who had lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, General," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

A FAST LIVER.—The Machias (Maine) Republican tells a story which, it says, is illustrative of this very fast age. A notorious secessionist of that locality was a member of the Legislature eight years ago, and was then twenty nine years of age, according to his own showing. On the enlistment roll of his town his age now stands at forty-four years and nine months! This is, indeed, a sample of fast living.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN recently telegraphed to Washington that he could not get milk for sick soldiers, that the secessionists would not furnish it, and that Union men charge high prices. General Halleck telegraphed back:—"If secessionists won't furnish milk, seize their cows and milk them yourselves. Have a Military Board to fix the price at which Unionists shall sell, and if they refuse to take that price, seize from them also."

THE "Union Democratic State Central Committee," for California, met in San Francisco on the 2nd of July, and, after expelling several members who had acceded to the secession movement, proceeded to nominate Jonathan D. Stephenson for Superintendent of Public Instruction. They adopted the "Sorague platform," of Rhode Island, in 1861.

OFFICIAL ORDER.—*Recruits for regiments now in the field will be permitted to select any company of the regiment they may prefer.* Should the company thus selected be full when they join it, they will be allowed to select another. All men who desire, singly or by squads, to join any particular regiment or company in the field, are hereby authorized to present themselves to any recruiting officer, when they will be enrolled and forwarded at once to the general depot for the state or district, there to be duly mustered, and to receive the bounty allowed by law.

A RESPECTABLE gentleman of Missouri was robbed of $42,000 while asleep in the cars travelling from Vandalia to St Louis. It was in bills and gold in a belt about his person.

AMONG the passengers of the Arabia, are Cassius M. Clay and Bishop Bacon. Gen. Clay is at Washington. He is to have a command, it is said.

THE fleet of ten iron-clad gunboats, which was reported to have broken the blockade of Mobile, and opened that port to the commerce of the world, has dwindled down to one small steamer, which ran the blockade. She is said to have been laden with arms and ammunition.

WM. H. WEBB, the well-known New York ship builder, has contracted with the Government to build an iron steam ram, to be constructed with 6-inch iron, to have two revolving turrets, each like that of the Monitor, the bow to be covered with 12 inch iron, and to have a solid ram half the length of the vessel. The price to be paid for her is $1 250 000.

WAKING UP AT LAST.—In addition to other movements it is contemplated to have in readiness in the course of a month, a fleet of ten gunboats, in part iron-clad, which are to be used in the protection of vessels sailing on the Ohio from Pittsburg to Cairo. The boats will be constructed out of staunch and reliable steamers already built, and will be fully armed to resist any attacks from guerillas along the shores, or piratical crafts upon the river.

IT is still doubtful that the new rebel iron-clads at Richmond are ready yet.

THE total number of rebel prisoners in our hands at the present time is 20,300, an aggregate which vastly exceeds the number of our men held by the Southern authorities.

A HINT.—A soldier belonging to the Wadsworth Guard (One Hundred and Fourth New York Volunteers) met a secessionist woman, the other day in Warrenton, Va. She instantly hoisted her dress to an unusual height and swung around to clear him. The soldier, who was attentively regarding the spectacle, cried out in blank astonishment: "What dirty stockings!" Down went the skirts, hiding the frightful apparition from view, and the woman disappeared.

THE Philadelphia Press says that General Hunter was educated as a slaveholder, is a slaveholder now, and has large slaveholding connections. It is not so—he is a Jerseyman, and never held slaves.

BACHELORS AT A DISCOUNT.—The Police Commissioners of New York have resolved that, during the rebellion, they will not appoint on the police force unmarried men, or men on whom families are not dependent for support.

IN France, where conscription has been largely resorted to in different wars, the practice now is for the Government to accept *money* from the drafted men instead of *substitutes*. The price required in such cases is $480. We see it stated that it is also the practice of the French Government to pay a bounty of $440 to volunteers. The enlistments are for seven years.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

The following speech was made by President Lincoln at the recent great war meeting in Washington:—

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I believe there is no precedent for my appearing before you on this occasion [applause] but it is also true that there is no precedent for your being here yourselves [applause and laughter], and I offer, in justification of myself and of you, that, upon examination, I have found nothing in the Constitution against it. [Renewed applause.] I, however, have an impression that there are younger gentlemen who will entertain you better [voice—"No, no, none can do better than yourself, go on"], and better address your understanding than I will or could, and therefore, propose but to detain you a moment longer. [Cries of "Go on," &c.] I am very little inclined, on any occasion, to say anything, unless I hope to produce some good by it. [A voice—"You do that! Go on!"] The only thing I think of just now, not likely to be better said by some one else, is a matter in which we have heard some other person blamed for what I did myself. [Voices—"What is it?"] There has been a very wide spread attempt to have a quarrel between General McClellan and the Secretary of War. Now, I occupy a position that enables me to believe, at least, that these two gentlemen are not nearly so deep in the quarrel as some presuming to be their friends. [Cries of "Good!"] General McClellan's attitude is such that in the very selfishness of his nature he cannot but wish to be successful, and I hope he will, and the Secretary of War is in precisely the same situation. If the military commander in the field cannot be successful, not only the Secretary but myself, for the time being the master of them both, cannot but be failures. [Laughter and applause.] I know General McClellan wishes to be successful, and I know he does not wish it any more than the Secretary of War for him, and both of them together no more than I wish it. [Applause.] Sometimes we have a dispute about how many men General McClellan has had, and those who would disparage him say that he has had a very large number, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War insist that General McClellan has had a very small number. The basis for this is, that there is always a very wide difference, and on this occasion, perhaps, a wider one between the grand total on General McClellan's rolls and toe men actually fit for duty; and those who would disparage him talk of grand totals on paper, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War talk of those at present fit for duty. Gen. McClellan has sometimes asked for things that the Secretary of War did not give him, and Gen. McClellan is not to blame for asking for what he wanted and needed, and the Secretary of War is not to blame for not giving when he had none to give. [Applause and laughter.] And I say here that, as far as I know, the Secretary of War has withheld no one thing, at any time, in my power to give him. [Wild applause and a voice exclaimed "Give him enough now."] I have no accusation against him. I believe he is a brave and able man [applause] and I stand here, as justice requires me to do, to take upon myself what has been charged upon the Secretary of War, as withholding men from him. I have talked longer than I expected to do [cries of "No, no!" "Go on,"] and now I avail myself of my privilege of saying no more.

A NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The Philadelphia Bulletin published a copy of a letter recently addressed to the Secretary of War, by a distinguished officer of the army—name not given.

Said officer requests permission to raise a brigade of free-colored men in the North—and to take them to a good point in Hunter's district. He says:—

"Following the recommendation of Gen. Andrew Jackson, in his famous proclamation of 1814, to the free colored men of Louisiana, I would respectfully suggest that all the commanding officers be selected from among white men of acknowledged military experience, while the non-commissioned officers should be selected from the most intelligent of the colored privates.

"Second: I would stipulate that the brigade, when organized, should be landed at some point on the Southern coast—within the district of Gen. Hunter, if you please—with permission to march direct to Vicksburg, from thence to Richmond, from thence to Charleston, and from thence to Mobile via Savannah and Montgomery, adding to its numbers in the march all able bodied, loyal men of color who may choose to join its standard, and to all who thus join the command the boon of freedom be offered and guaranteed from and after the moment of their enlistment. Starting with a single brigade, including, of course, a proper proportion of cavalry and artillery, I should expect to reach Vicksburg with not less than 25 000, Richmond with no less than 50,000, Charleston with 100,000, and Mobile with probably 150,000 able-bodied, well disciplined troops.

* * * * * * *

"Such a march, starting with so small a force, may, at first thought, seem chimerical, but a little reflection, I think, will satisfy you that it is possible and more than probable. All, or nearly all, of the enemy's available force is already gathered at the points named, having their inland routes almost wholly unobstructed. With Union armies already menacing them at each of these points, it is hardly possible that the rebels would leave either of their fortified strongholds to pursue troops on the march; but even if they did, then we should have opportunity to co-operate with the Union troops pursuing, and having the enemy between us, we should certainly crush him. The enemy has no inferior force—at least not sufficient to impede our march for a single day; and, of course, we should start from a point, and march by a route, not already forbed or obstructed by the enemy. Besides this, our standard of freedom would soon attract so large a number, and those who came would know so thoroughly the face and resources of the country through which we were passing, that no force which the enemy could bring against us would stay our march longer than sufficient to fight a battle and give the command, forward. Arriving at or near the places named, we would at once co-operate with the Union troops already there, in conquering the enemy, and then proceed to the next—weakening the enemy and strengthening ourselves at every onward step."

He proposes to call this force the "corner-stone" brigade.

Permission for such an enterprise will be probably refused by the President—he having avowed his determination to sanction nothing of the kind, except in the last extremity.

THE RATIO OF BIRTHS IN WAR.—It has often been asserted that the proportion of males to females born in time of war is greater than during "the piping times of peace." This appears to be confirmed by the statistics of Providence, R. I., in 1861, the number of masculines born having been 936, against 789 females—a difference of fully eighteen per cent. This will afford the good people of that plucky state some compensation for the waste of manhood during the year.

A LETTER
FROM THE NIECE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

THE REBEL CAUSE IN MAY LAST.

The following letter, from a niece of Jeff. Davis, abounds with interest. It is a candid confession of the condition of affairs at Richmond last May, when the letter was written. Coming from one living in the family of the bogus President, and closely related to him, it demands confidence and attention.

It is a private letter, and the writer never imagined it would fall into Union hands. We are indebted to a patriotic lady patron for it, and we publish it just as it was written, family matters and all. "Uncle Jeff" is represented as nearly worn out, and on the verge of the grave; so much so, that he repented and was baptized; and not the best account in the world is given of the Southern chivalry. The letter will be found very interesting:—

RICHMOND, May 7, 1862.—My Dear Mother and Fannie:—Dr. Gwin and his son and daughter (Miss Lucy), expect to leave to-morrow or next day for Mississippi, and Miss Lucy has promised me that if Vicksburg is not in the hands of the enemy when they reach there, that she will go out to see you, and let you know how I am; but if she cannot get to Vicksburg, she says she will arrange it so that you can get this letter by private hands. She has been here at Uncle Jeff.'s now nearly three weeks, and I am perfectly charmed with her. She is one of the most sincere, honest-hearted and pious girls I have ever met with, and then, she is so intelligent, and has such excellent sense. I am grieved to part with her, and shall feel as though I am lost. She will spend the summer with her Uncle Gwin, in Marshall county, Miss.; her mother is in Baltimore, and the Yankees will not let her come home.

I heard from Mr. Keary on Thursday; he is quite well, but has had to bear many hardships. The weather is very cold and rainy, and they have some awful marches to take. The Louisiana Brigade is now with General Jackson, in Ewell's Division, at "Swift Run Gap," in the mountains, between Staunton and Harrisonburg. You will find it on the map of Virginia. They expect a battle shortly with the Yankees under General Banks. When I think of his situation and the dark gloom that now hovers over our country, I am ready to sink with despair, and would give worlds if I could only be by my dear husband's side, but it is impossible. There is a probability of Gen. Jackson's army falling back on Richmond, and, in view of this, nobody is allowed to go up on the railroad to Gordonsville, for fear, if allowed to one, that many others would wish to do it, which would incommode the army. His letter to me was written in a sad tone, which distressed me very much; he said that all his recruits but ten were sick, and had been sent back to the rear, where he was afraid they would suffer for want of attention. They have been obliged (officers and men) to sleep on the ground with very scant covering, and no tents since last February, when the army retreated from Manassas.

Now they have a fly for every eight men, which affords some protection from the rain and snow, but very little from the cold weather. Mr. Keary could not write to me for ten days after he reached there, because it was raining, and he had no shelter to write under to keep his paper dry. My God, what a trial to me, to know that he had to bear all this and I in a comfortable house, with a good fire, and every comfort. If I could only share his hardships, I would take it all lightly, but the separation is heart rending, and either to-morrow or next day the distance between him and myself will be widened. Gen. Johnston is falling back from the Peninsula, or Yorktown, and Uncle Jeff. thinks that we had better go to a safer place than Richmond. We have not decided yet where we shall go, but I think to North Carolina, to some far-off country town, or, perhaps, to South Carolina. I will write to you from there the very first opportunity. If Johnston falls as far back as Richmond, all our troops from Gordonsville and "Swift Run Gap," will also fall back to this place, and make one desperate stand against McClellan.

If you will look at the map, you will see that the Yankees are approaching Richmond in three different directions—from Fredericksburg, Harrisonburg and Yorktown. Oh, God, defend this people with Thy powerful arm, is my constant prayer. Our mother, Uncle Jeff. is miserable. He tries to be cheerful, and to bear up against such a continuation of troubles; but on, I fear he cannot live long, if he does not get some rest and quiet. Our reverses distress him so much, and he is so weak and feeble, it makes my heart ache to look at him. He knows that he ought to send his wife and children away, and yet he cannot bear to part with them, and we all dread to leave him, too. Varina and I had a hard cry about it to-day. There was a confirmation to the church to-day, and we all hoped so much that he would go forward for confirmation. But he did not; yet I have hope that he will do so before the Bishop leaves here.

Oh, what a blow the fall of New Orleans was! It liked to have set us all crazy here. Everbody looks depressed, and the cause of the Confederacy seems drooping and sinking; but if God is with us, who can be against us? Our troops are not doing as well as we expected. At the battle of Shiloh many of our men acted very cowardly indeed, and one colonel laid down behind a log, and would not get up even when threatened by his commanding officer with a rifle-ball if he did not return to his duty. And at Yorktown, in a skirmish of Gen. Cobb's Division, our men gave back, and if it had not been for a Georgia regiment, they would have taken some of our best rifle pits. The regiments that are most apt to run are from North Carolina and Tennessee. I am thankful to say that the Mississippi and Louisiana troops behave gloriously whenever called on to fight.

As I cannot be with Mr. Keary, I often feel that I would give worlds to be with you and Fannie, and yet I am afraid to go to Mississippi for fear of being cut off from Mr. Keary entirely, and could not hear from him. I have not heard a word from you or home since we parted. I am getting almost crazy. I write to you every opportunity. Uncle Jeff. received a despatch from Uncle Stamps to-day, saying that Cousin Isaac's little Sallie had died at Vicksburg, and was buried at Woodville yesterday. Cousin Mollie left here two weeks ago, for home, with her three little girls. Sallie was a beautiful child, and in perfect health. Poor Cousin Mollie! Cousin Isaac is at Yorktown. Joe Mitchell is here sick at a hotel. Cousin Joe and I went to see him this evening but could not find him. We went to the wrong hotel. I hear, since I have returned, that he is better. I will go again to-morrow.

I received a letter from Aunt Eliza a few days since. She thought I was at home, and wanted to take Mary Van Benthuysoo, if the city was attacked, as I suppose she did not consider the Hurrican safe. Uncle Jeff. thinks you are safe at home, as there will be no resistance at Vicksburg, and the Yankees will hardly occupy it; and even if they did, the army would gain nothing by marching into the country, and a few soldiers would be afraid to go so far into the interior. Yet I feel anxious, because I cannot hear from you. You might possibly get some one in town to send me a letter by somebody coming on here. There must be persons passing constantly. Direct your letters to me, care of President Davis, Richmond, Va., and then when I leave here they will be forwarded to me.

If Miss Gwin does not leave here to-morrow, I will try to get some other person who is going home, to take it. Her brother is at Yorktown, and as the Yankees may make an attack as soon as they know we are retreating, and he does not wish to leave on the eve of a battle, so they may be delayed for several days. We think now that we shall go to Raleigh to-morrow, but have not positively decided yet.

Give my love to Aunt Ellen, and cousin, and all her family; also, all at Uncle Brown's, and accept for yourselves the warmest devotion from your affectionate

HELEN M. KEARY.

May 9th.—Since writing the above, Miss Lucy Gwin has decided not to go to Mississippi with her father; so I shall send this by some other opportunity. We all leave here to-morrow morning for Raleigh. Three gunboats are now in the James river, on their way to this city, and may probably reach here in a few hours; so we have no longer any time to delay. I would rather go to-day, but Varina imagines she cannot get ready; and I only hope we have not delayed too long already. I shall then be cut off from all communication with Mr. Keary, and I expect to have no longer any peace. I am afraid to think how long it may be before I shall see him. If I had known this, I should have remained with you, but I have to try now to bear all my troubles alone, without even a letter of sympathy from Fannie or you.

I will write again from Raleigh, and Fannie must write me a letter, and direct it to Raleigh; perhaps I may get it. It would give me so much comfort to hear from my dear mother and Fannie, and to know that you were all well and safe. I shall make my way to Mr. Keary if there is any way for me to do it. I am afraid that Richmond will fall into the hands of the enemy, as there is no way to keep back the gunboats. James river is so high that all the obstructions that our people have tried to place in the river have been washed away; so there is no help for the city; she will either submit, or else be shelled, and I think the latter alternative will be resorted to.

Uncle Jeff. was confirmed last Tuesday, in St. Paul's Church, by Bishop Johns. He was baptized at home in the morning before church.

Do try to get a letter to me some way. Direct some to Raleigh, and some to Richmond.

May God, in His mercy, protect and deliver us from the misery and affliction which now surround us, is my constant prayer.

Yours, ever devotedly,

HELEN M. KEARY.

WHAT SOLDIERS WANT IN WARM WEATHER.—A writer in the July number of Hall's Journal of Health, gives some very good advice to persons writing to their friends in the army. He advises them to put in the letters a spoonful of tea or a spoonful of capsicum. The latter is very strengthening, and, besides satisfying thirst, will invigorate and effectually prevent that uncomfortable sensation arising from having drank largely of water. A good pinch, eaten at each meal, or whenever a cup of coffee, or tea, or water is swallowed, will always invigorate digestion, aids to prevent acidity, and is, besides, a great antagonist of the diarrhœa, dysentery, flux and "looseness," which are the great scourges of all armies. A level teaspoon of capsicum daily, taken in eating or drinking, or both, or if taken a pinch at a time during the day or night, would do more real good, and that without any ill result, than ten times the cost in rum and quinine as a preventive against chills and fever.

A HERO INDEED.—Among the Pennsylvania volunteers in prison at Richmond recently, were Sergeant Geo. Bauman and ——— Herr. Of those recently paroled to be sent within our line was Sergeant Bauman. Mr. Herr was very sick, and his comrades feared that if he stayed in the military prison much longer, he would not get home alive. He was not paroled; but when Bauman's name was called out, he pushed young Herr toward the ambulance, and exclaimed—"Here he is!" The rebel officers, however, discerning the ruse, refused to let Herr go, and insisted that Bauman should. The latter earnestly remonstrated, and the officers finally touched by his generous conduct, consented that Herr should go, and he accordingly came down to our camp in Lieutenant Colonel McIntyre's party. We need not add that such noble self-sacrificing conduct stamps its author as a man of the noblest impulses.

CAPTAIN GWYNNE AND THE RAM ARKANSAS.—Capt. Gwynne, the captain of the gunboat Tyler, it will be remembered, was sent up the Yazoo to look for the Arkansas. He found her, and the next thing that was seen of him he came tearing around the point, the Arkansas in his rear, putting balls through his stern at every shot. Coming to the flagship some time afterward to report, he stated that "he had brought to the rebel ram Arkansas." He was like the man, he said, who had been sent out to procure game for breakfast. Looking for rabbits and prairie chickens, he encountered a grizzly bear. The brute caught firmly hold of his coat tail, causing him to retreat, without standing on the order of his going. Rushing into camp, with the bear close behind, he announced his success to his comrades. "Here, boys," he cried, as the bear bounded over among them, "I have fetched game."

CAUTION TO VOLUNTEERS AND THEIR FAMILIES.—Our volunteers should remember that by law they are not entitled to a hundred dollars bounty unless they have been in service two years or for the war. Many of the families of sick and wounded volunteers visit the military hospitals, where their relatives are lying, get them discharged, and take them home to nurse. By doing so at this time, in every such instance, the $100 bounty is lost with the monthly pay of the volunteers also; so that the sick and wounded are afterwards a charge upon their families and friends without any Government aid or bounty. At the military hospitals there are nurses and doctors, good airy buildings, and everything furnished which is needed for the recovery of the sick, so that there is no necessity for taking them away, especially at so great a sacrifice to their pecuniary interests.

WOULD THE NEGROES COME NORTH?—In a recent letter of Gen. Hunter's to Dr. Tyng, he says:—"None of the delusions by which slavery has sustained itself at the North, is more absurd than the bugbear of a general migration of negroes to the North, as a necessary sequence of emancipation. So far as this from being the fact, that, although it is well known that I gives passes North to all negroes asking them, not more than a dozen have applied to me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly if not quite all the negroes in the North would migrate South whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the auction block."

HARRISBURG NEWSPAPER MEN ARRESTED.

Brigadier-General Wadsworth, Provost Marshal of the District of Columbia, arrived at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 6th, and, acting under the orders of the War Department, arrested the publishers and editor of the Patriot and Union, on the charge of issuing posters of a treasonable character, and calculated to embarrass and retard recruiting throughout the state. The whole party left for Washington at 8 o'clock the same morning.

It is charged that the editors and proprietors of the Patriot and Union newspaper circulated a number of handbills, calling upon the colored people of that city to assemble for the purpose of being mustered into the military service of the United States. The handbill further stated that the meeting would be held under the auspices of Mr Senator Lane, of Kansas. It is charged that the use of Senator Lane's name was a forgery, and that there was an evident motive to excite a riot between the blacks and whites, and to bring the recruiting cause into disrepute, and thus prevent enlistments. The arrested parties were put in prison at Washington.

INDIANA AND NEGRO REGIMENTS.—W. H. H. Terrell, Military Secretary to the Governor of Indiana, says in relation to the assertion that two colored regiments were offered from Indiana, that "negro enlistments would be repugnant in the highest degree to the authorities and people of that state, and that, if a measure so distasteful should be set on foot, it could not be tolerated by our citizens. Even a single company or a corporal's guard of negro *soldiers* under any contingency likely to arise, could not be raised in Hoosierdom, for the reasons stated. The two negro regiments which were tendered to the President, and refused, it is stated in well informed circles, were proposed to be raised in New York."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is firmer and more active, and holders are asking an advance of 12½@25c ₱ bbl. Sales comprise 17,000 bbls at $5@5,25 for common and good superfine; $5,37½@5,62½ for extras; $5,50@5,75 for family; $6@7 for fancy brands, and $7,25 for very high grade do, including middlings at $3,50, good North-Western family at $5,50. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are very scarce. The former is wanted at $3,37½@3,50, and Penna Meal at $3 ₱ bbl. 1200 bbls Brandywine Meal sold at a price kept private.

GRAIN.—Prime Wheat finds ready sale at an advance of 2@3c on the quotations of last week. Sales reach about 40,000 bus at $1@1,20 for inferior; $1,35@1,35 for fair to prime reds, in store and afloat, and $1,35 to 1,55 for common to good and choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is scarce and wanted, Penna selling freely at 80c; some new Southern brought 70@72c. Corn is dull, with further sales of about 28,000 bus, at 60@61c for yellow, as to condition, and 65c for white, and the receipts of prime very light. Oats are better, and about 25,000 bus sold at 42@46c for common to prime old Penna, mostly at 45c for 32 lbs, and 35@38c for new Southern, the latter by measure. Barley and Malt are unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—There is no change in barreled meats and rather more business to note at $11@11¼ for mess Pork, and $ 2@15 ₱ bbl for western and city mess Beef. Bacon hams are moving off freely at 7@9c, the latter for fancy cured; not much doing in Shoulders and Sides to alter quotations, which are steady at 4@4¼c for the former and 5@5½c for the latter. Green Meats remain quiet, with further sales of pickled Hams at 8@9c; Shoulders in salt at 3½@3½c and sides at 5@5½c cash and short time. Lard is firm and generally held at 9¼c for tcs, and 9¼@9½c for kegs. Butter and Cheese are unchanged and the sales small. Eggs are lower and selling at 10@10½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The stock is very much reduced, and the market firm and on the advance. About 350 bales have been disposed of within the range of 48@52c, cash and short time, mostly at the lowest figures for middlings.

ASHES.—Both kinds continue very firm, and prices tending upward.

BARK.—There is a steady demand for Quercitron, with further sales of about 150 hhds, mostly at $33 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is wanted. For Tanners' Bark the demand is moderate, and prices the same.

BEESWAX is scarce and on the advance, sales having been made at 30c ₱ lb, which price is now refused.

COAL.—Orders are coming in more freely, and there is a fair demand for Anthracite to go East at the late advance, but the scarcity of vessels has a tendency to check business, which is moderate for the season.

COFFEE.—The stock is very much reduced and the market firm, with a small business to notice at fully former rates, ranging at 21½@23c for Rio, and 23@24c for Laguayra, cash and time, including 250 bags of the former, taken on arrival at 22½c, usual credit.

COPPER is firm but quiet, with further sales of Yellow Metal at 23c for Sheets, and 25c for Nails, on time.

FEATHERS are scarce, but the sales are limited at 38@42c ₱ lb, as to lots.

FRUIT.—The receipts and sales are large, and the market generally unsettled and drooping, including Apples at $1@2 ₱ bbl, and Peaches at $1@1,5 ₱ basket.

HAY continues in steady demand, with further sales of good Timothy at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—The market for all kinds is quiet, with some further small sales of Western to note on terms kept private. The stock is mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are firmer and rather more active at 18@22c, the latter for 1st sort Western.

IRON.—The market is very firm, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting the operations in Pig Metal to about 1500 tons, mostly No 1 Anthracite, at $24, 4 months, at which rate it is in good demand. 400 tons Forge also sold at $23, on time. Scotch Pig is selling in a small way at full rates. For manufactured Iron the demand continues active, and prices tending upward.

LEAD is quiet, and no further sales of Pig have come under our notice to alter quotations.

LUMBER.—There is a moderate business to note in White and Yellow Pine Boards at $ 4@16, for the former, and about the same rates for the latter, which is better. Of Laths further sales are reported at $1,35 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is dull, and 600 hhds have been taken at 28c for clayed and 29@35c for Cuba Muscovado, on time; 100 bbls New Orleans sold by auction at 35c, cash.

PLASTER is in good demand and selling at $2,50@2,75 ₱ ton, the latter for soft.

RICE is rather firmer. East India is selling at 6¼@6½ ₱ lb, as in quality.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and prices range at $5,25@5,50 ₱ bushel. Timothy and Flaxseed are nominally unchanged, with sales of 350 bushels of the latter at $2,18@2,20.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are firm but very quiet and the sales limited. N E Rum is dull and selling in a small way at 45@47c. Whiskey is also dull and the sales limited at the close at 30@31c for Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls, and 28@29c for Drudge.

SUGAR.—The market has been inactive and prices ½@¾c ₱ lb lower. Sales of 3@400 hhds, mostly Cuba, are reported at 8@8½c on time, and 500 hhds New Orleans. The latter sold by auction at 8¼@11½c nett cash.

TALLOW is quiet, the demand having fallen off and the sales are limited at 10¼@10½c for city, and 9½c for country rendered.

TOBACCO remains very quiet, the stock of manufactured being very light and prices looking up. Of Leaf sales are reported at 10@11c ₱ lb, the latter for Kentucky. Some Penn Seed Leaf also sold at full rates.

WOOL.—The market for this staple has been very active since our last at a further advance, at 55@60c nett for medium and good fub, including one within the same range of prices.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 7 cents ₱ lb. 125 Cows brought from $20 to 30 ₱ head. 2050 Sheep were sold at from $3,50 to 5,30 ₱ head. 400 Hogs brought from $4,75 to 5,25 ₱ cwt. net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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THE ARMY—ITS IMMENSE SIZE.—Our new drafts will give us one million of men, who can be placed in the field, if the civil officers of the loyal states do their duty, in time for the fall campaign, fully armed and equipped. To understand the immensity of such a force it would be necessary to see them drawn up in array. A line marching in single file, allowing two feet for each soldier would stretch nearly three hundred and eighty miles, and marching at the rate of thirty miles per day, would occupy nearly two weeks in passing a given point; marching in sections of four, with the necessary room for baggage trains and cavalry, at the rate of thirty miles per day, they would extend one hundred and fifty miles, and the head of the column leaving a given point on Monday morning, the rear guard would not reach the same point till Friday night. One million of men on paper is easily expressed; to arm, equip and feed such a host has never yet been essayed by a civilized people.

AARON BEEBE of the Tenth C. V., advertises in the New London (Conn) Chronicle, that "Whereas, Mr. Andrew Peabody has taken my wife Batista M. Beebe since I came for a soldier, I respectfully request him or some one else to take care of her, as I forbid any one harboring or trusting her on my account after this date."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Trenton, June 19th, by the Rev. T. R. Howell, CALEB GASKILL, to MARGARETT, second daughter of Anthony Thorn, all of Burlington county, N. J.

In Camden, July 10th, by the Rev. Charles E. Hill, WILLIAM WRIGHT, of Philada. to MARY S. third daughter of Anthony Thorn, of Burlington county N. J.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. JOEL PRICHETT, to Miss ROSANNA KENNEDY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, JOHN O. LOWE, to ELIZABETH C. WHEATLY, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. DUCKETT HARMAN, to Mrs. HANNAH TWELVES, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. GEORGE W. BROWN, to Miss LIZZIE G. GLIZEN, both of Frankford.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. G. A. Wenzel, Mr. JOHN FISHER, to Miss JOSEPHINE C. SCHERR, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, Mr. ARCHIBALD DARENS, to Miss ELEANOR S. COX, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM W. PURGLOVE, to Miss CATHARINE LOWRY, both of this city.

On the 2d of Jan. by the Rev. J. T. Wainwright, Mr. JOHN S. CLAWGES, to MARY F. daughter of Wm. Laos, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of Aug., 1862, in Fayette Township, Juniata county, Pa., Rev. DAVID SHALLENBERGER, aged 93 years, 2 months and 25 days.

On the 6th instant, at Wawaseen, Chester county, ELIZABETH P. wife of Col. Brinton, Jr. and daughter of the late Wm. S. Boulden.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANN LAMAR, relict of the late Capt. Philip Miegle, in her 84th year.

On the 3d instant, FREDERICK, son of Fred. and Phebe K. Sutfield, in his 20th year.

On the 5th instant, MARY KEATING, wife of J. M. Wilcox, Esq. of Glen Mills, Del. county

On the 5th instant, SARAH, relict of the late Capt. Jas. Yearsley, in her 73d year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. JOHN BETHELL, in his 75th year.

On the 5th instant, ELIZA A. wife of Mordecai Busby, in her 34th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH JOYCE, aged 71 years.

On the 4th instant, at the Naval Asylum, Jas. Enno.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. GRACE CLAPIER, in her 71st year.

On the 1st instant, SAMUEL MIDDLETON, in his 51st year.

On the 2d instant, SUSAN, wife of the late Wm. B. Marshall, in her 50th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 9 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 par	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 par	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	50 dis.	N. Y. City	1 dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 par.
Illinois	3 to 7½ dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	5 to 8 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	4 to 5 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
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B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "P

Wit and Humor.

AN UNEXPECTED VERDICT.

All the old Methodists of New York, and hundreds of citizens besides, will remember the venerable Timothy H———, one of the most distinguished and eloquent ministers of that truly Democratic religious denomination, a little eccentric, sometimes, however, and fond of an occasional bit of humor; a peculiarity which, as we shall show, was hereditary, at least in one of his descendants, his eldest son.

Coming down one morning on the Hudson, in one of the pleasant steamers which ply "short trips" along the beautiful villages which line its banks, we had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the descendant aforesaid, a physician of eminence, and got from him, at the request of a mutual friend, the following story:—

He had been building a three story house in Twenty ———d street, and got it nearly completed, when one night a sudden storm arose, accompanied by such torrents of rain, roaring and rushing along the gutters, and through the newly-constructed sewers, that it carried away a dividing wall of the basement of his new dwelling, and the liberated water did great damage to the adjoining house, which protected its neighbor by a *thicker* wall, and thus preserved it from damage. The thinness of the doctor's wall was the alleged cause of the accident, and he was called upon to "make the damage good."

"I shall do no such thing," said the doctor; "I've lost enough myself, as it is, without paying for other folks' mishaps."

The merits of the case were stated and restated, and the cause of the "damage" retraced to his defective wall and defective caution. No use—he "would not pay one cent."

"Very well; then I shall sue you for sixty dollars damages."

"Sue, and ———," said the doctor.

The next day he was served with the legal document. Having perused it, he called upon his lawyer, and placed the case in his hands.

"Go ahead!" said he, after explaining minutely the circumstances "set forth in the declaration."

"You had better settle it, doctor," said the lawyer, quite unprofessionally, it must be admitted. "According to your own showing, I think the facts are against you."

"That's *my* business," replied the client, sternly. "I employ you to *go ahead*." And "ahead" the lawyer went.

In due course of law the case came on; and after the testimony was in, the lawyer again remonstrated with the doctor.

"You see how it is; I told you so from the first. Don't let the case go to the jury; *settle* the matter, and save costs, as well as neighborly enmities. That's *my* advice."

"Go ahead!" was the doctor's only reply.

The case was submitted to the jury, with but a few and not over self-confident remarks from the doctor's counsel.

The jury deliberated a moment or so, without leaving their seats, and after a pantomime of nervous whispering among themselves, *brought in a verdict in favor of the doctor.*

As the doctor and his counsel walked away, arm-in-arm together, the latter said to the former:

"How in creation was this brought about? I never was more surprised in the whole course of my life. Why, the testimony was against you; the argument of counsel was against you; the remarks of the judge were point-blank against you; and yet, by Jove, the jury have decided in your favor! How was it?"

"I don't exactly *know* myself," said the doctor; "but I saw four Methodists on the jury; they *knew* me, and knew me to be 'the son of my father.' And do you suppose that *religion* has got to such a d—d low ebb that a jury with Methodists on it are going to bring in *any* verdict against a son of old Timothy H———? Not by a blamed sight."

And so much for the "uncertainties of the law."—*Washington Chronicle.*

VERY LUCID.

That valiant wit, Orpheus C. Kerr, of the Mackerel Brigade, after describing a fierce equestrian combat between William Brown, of the United States of America, and Capt. Munchausen, of the Southern Confederacy, closes as follows:—

"Ha!" says William, gazing severely at Company 3, Regiment 5, as it came pouring forward, "has the Southern Confederacy concluded to submit to the United States of America?"

What the answer was, my boy, I am not allowed to say; but you may rest satisfied that a thing has been done which I am not permitted to divulge; and should this lead, as I hope it will, to a movement I am not suffered to make public, it cannot fail to result in a consummation which I am forbidden to make known. But if, on the other hand, the strategic movement which I am not at liberty to describe should be followed by a stroke I am restrained from explaining, you will find the effect it would not be judicious in me to set forth will produce a consequence which the War Department denies me the privilege of developing.

☞ EARLY RISING.—"Come, sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son the other morning. "Remember the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful, "mother won't let me go a-fishing."

☞ An old sailor passing through a graveyard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead I'd own it."

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

A sea-captain Down East, a regular old salt, relates the following as one of his fishing experiences:

Once, with a friend, he went out to catch a halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry arose between the two friends as to who should catch the first fish. Having dropped anchor and lines, they waited with fisherman's patience for a bite; but for a long time none came.

At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to brighten up; and presently he called out:

"I've got one!"

He commenced hauling in with great vigor.

"It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you."

It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he, "and tire him out."

Accordingly he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by, captain," said he, "with the boat-hook, and hook in his gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited companion was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when suddenly a sea-change came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:

"Jerusalem! Captain, it's the anchor!"

The captain went down in a roar of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, playing it out, and letting it run till it got tired.

FARMING ON SHARES.

Connecticut boasts of some great farmers. They have a curious way of doing things *on shares*, and the results of these operations sometimes offer a fine field for the display of logic. One of their farmers leased to his son-in-law three acres of land, to be planted with corn and cultivated by him "at the halves." In the fall the lessee said that was the poorest land he ever worked on; for, said he, "I worked hard all summer, and at harvest-time, when we came to divide the crop, I not only had no corn left for myself, but I had to go and buy five bushels of shelled corn to make out my father-in-law's half."

Here is another case illustrating the workings of this "peculiar institution" of doing things on shares:—Farmer A——— happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor, B———, had more milk than he could dispose of. One day A——— brought two pigs over and deposited them in B———'s pen, saying that he wished B——— to keep them on shares, and that he might keep them two months and have *one* of them as his share. B——— replied that, as he had plenty of feed, he would keep them four months and have them both, as, of course, that would amount to the same thing! A——— left, saying that he supposed it was all right; but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

A SHORT HOMILY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.—Go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of the departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and has ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment thy kindness or truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or in word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Washington Irving.*

AN EXPERIENCED COUPLE.—It is usually considered a noteworthy circumstance for a man or woman to have been married three times, but of old this number would have been little thought of. St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty wives! It might be said of this couple, as was said of a soldier who had had five wives—"This soldier was much attached to the marriage state."

☞ Widows' griefs are often short lived. Once upon a time, runs an oriental story, a young man and lovely woman was called upon to mourn the death of her lord. As she loved him in life with all the fervor of adoration, her grief at his decease was inconsolable. She filled the air with plaints; declared herself the most wretched of women; and in the intensity of her grief made a vow that she would wed no new lord, till the stream that ran by her bower should reverse its course. A few weeks after, she was observed busily engaged in damming up the stream.

☞ The wife of a forgetful gentleman in this city has a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

TAILOR (measuring).—"Trifle wider round the *chest*, sir, than you was!"

LADIES' BATH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The room was filled with hot air to a degree which, to me, was most oppressive; and several times I dipped my feet into the little channels of steaming water which intersected the floor, and which were so heated that I shrank from the contact. I was, however, as I very soon discovered, only in a transition state; for I was yet to enter and traverse the great bathing-place of the establishment, an extensive octagonal hall, containing eight fountains, where all who do not care, or cannot afford to pay for a separate apartment, avail themselves as best they may of their opportunities of appropriating them. When I at length reached it, the first few instants were positively bewildering. The dense, heavy sulphur-laden atmosphere, which completely checked my breathing, and almost suffocated me; the shrill, discordant cries of the slaves, who shouted to each other until the domes of the hall appeared to be alive with discord; the low laughter and subdued tones of their mistresses murmuring along in an under-current of sound; the spectacle of nearly three hundred women, only partially attired, and that in muslin of so fine a texture and so perfectly saturated with vapor as to reveal every outline of the form; the black and busy slaves traversing the hall in every direction, with their arms folded upon their breasts, and balancing on their curly heads trays of fringed or embroidered towels; bevies of lovely girls, engaged in earnest and evidently confidential conversation, in every graceful attitude that can be conceived; parties of playful children, chasing each other among the various groups, apparently quite regardless of the oppressive atmosphere, which made me feel sick and faint; and to crown all, the bursting of one of the most ear-piercing of Turkish melodies, which rang again and again with a fierce challenge to the echoes, by which it was instantly and deafeningly emulated—all combined to produce upon my mind the effect of some delusion. The clusters of fair women, their white skins gleaming like alabaster through their flimsy draperies, and their bright eyes flashing with pleasure, or languid with luxury, contrasted so strangely with the sable and half-clad daughters of Africa; the rolling vapors shifting perpetually—now hiding and now revealing certain features of the scene—were so utterly unearthly in its character that it would have done no discredit to the subterranean demons of Etna or Vesuvius—all conduced to form a whole, which I shall never cease vividly to recall to mind.—*A Lady's Tour.*

☞ DINNER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—In Ireland, at Lord Hillsborough's country house, there is a description of the mode in which the retirement of the ladies after dinner was effected a century ago. Toasts were, of course, then in full fashion; and after the ladies had given their toasts, they were desired to "command the house." The hint thus given was taken, and the ladies covered their retreat with dignity, by saying that, "upon that liberty they would go and prepare the tea-table for the gentlemen."

☞ One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.

☞ A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it. The worst lies are those whose handle is true, and whose blade is false.

Agricultural.

CLOVER AS A FERTILIZER.

"Uncle Zeb," in the Country Gentleman, makes the following remarks in regard to clover as a fertilizer, which we commend to the attention of our readers, because they coincide with what we have said on the same subject. He remarks that its fertilizing power depends on three things, viz:—

"1st.—During its growth, like all other broad-leaved plants, it takes largely from the air, and then in decaying deposits its aerial or organic matter in the soil.

"2nd.—Its roots run deep, draw inorganic matter from considerable depths—often 20 inches or more—and subsequently deposit it near the surface, quite within the reach of the short-root plants.

"3rd.—The perforations by its roots, and the subsequent decay of these roots, tends to make the soil porous, more accessible to air and water, which in heavy soils is an important point to be gained.

"Is mowing, or feeding off, or ploughing under, the best practice? To get light on this question, we must consider that the roots are the largest, and, for manuring, the best part of the crop. In view of this fact, I incline strongly to the opinion that mowing or feeding off the first crop and turning in the second is the better course; especially do I believe it to be so on light, sandy soils. On such soils, I cannot but think the fermentation, occasioned by turning in a large green crop in the heat of summer, causes much of the fertilizing value of the clover to escape into the air and be lost. If I were now farming for myself, instead of advising another, I would certainly save the first crop of clover, either as summer feed or as hay. I have often turned under splendid crops of clover in June or early in July; but I never could do it without a feeling almost oppressive, that it was a sort of desecration of a sweet, lovely and beautiful gift of Providence."

DRYING CURRANTS.

As the currant crop is very large this year, with scarcely sufficient demand to justify the expense of picking and sending to market, perhaps the following directions in regard to drying the fruit, recommended by the Horticulturist, may be of service to our readers:

The currants should be quite ripe when gathered, with the stems attached, and washed or rinsed effectually or drained off. Then stem them and wash them thoroughly, and to each pound of currants add a quarter of a pound of good Havana sugar; then place them in a preserving kettle over a fire until they come to a *scald heat*, when they are turned out into white earthen dishes, and exposed to the action of the sun until, by evaporation, they become hardened on the upper side. Then they are turned over, and there remain until they become so on the other side, and so alternate until they become a sort of leathery texture, when they are put away in earthen jars or boxes until wanted for use. Care must be taken to keep them from the dews and rains during the process of drying; finally, the utmost cleanliness must be observed from first to last. When used, enough hot water is required to dissolve them or render them to any consistency suitable for tarts, jelly, &c. At the same time more sugar is required to make them quite palatable, which must of course be governed by taste. Currants in this way have kept well with us for three years, and the presumption is, that they will keep a longer time, if well cared for.

MARAUDING CATTLE.

Cattle may be educated into almost anything. A quiet cow may be converted into a skillful jumper in a single season. The first requisite for such training is short feed, resulting from overstocking. The second is low fences; and the third, tempting crops of corn beyond these low fences. In the spring grass is usually good, and corn and other crops are small and unaviting; but during some midsummer periods, when pasture is dried up, the process often begins. One or two rails are accidentally knocked or blown from the fence; the quiet and orderly animals stretch their heads over to reach a morsel of the tall grass; they throw down accidentally two or three more rails, and finally leap over. The owner drives them out as soon as they have learned the difference between delicious food on one side and short commons on the other, and puts up a rail. They have already learned to leap a little, and the next day they improve and go a rail higher. Another rail is added, and the process is repeated until they become quite expert.

It is now a very busy season, but the farmer should not neglect his fences; if rails are thrown down, replace them before cattle find it out; keep fences high at all times; and if the animals should actually break through, add rails enough to make the barrier entirely impregnable at once.

THE CROPS.

The American Agriculturist condenses the accounts of 1,500 reporters from 24 states concerning the growing crops, from which we make a brief condensation. In Ill., Wis., and Mich., fears are entertained of a falling off from 10 to 20 per cent. in the corn crop; but in O., Ind., Minn., Pa., and the New England states above the average breadth was planted. In N. Y. and N. J. corn looks poorly. Wheat, in the Middle and Western states, is fine and well secured. In O. it is estimated at 56 per cent. better than common; in Ind. 44 per cent.; in Ill. 30 per cent. Spring wheat will average a small average yield in Wis., Iowa, and Minn., where little winter wheat is grown. The estimate is 15 per cent. below the average. The greater breadth sown, it is said, will make up the aggregate equal to last year. Rye is reported up to an average. Oats are affected by the rust. The forage crops of the West are reported as remarkably good. In Pa. 20 per cent. above the average. In N. Y. below the average; so in New England. Barley is represented better than an average. Sorghum is better than usual. Flax is remarkably good, it being 12 per cent. better than usual, with double the amount sown. Tobacco is backward but promising. Peas, beans, buckwheat, and fruits promise well. The grain prospects in Europe are not promising, and it is predicted that there will be a heavy foreign demand for American breadstuffs after harvest.

Useful Receipts.

GLOSSING LINEN.—Inquiry is frequently made respecting the mode of putting gloss on linen collars and shirt bosoms like that on new linen. This gloss, or enamel, as it is sometimes called, is produced mainly by friction with a warm iron, and may be put on linen by almost any person. The linen to be glazed, receives as much strong starch as it is possible to charge it with; then it is dried. To each pound of starch, a piece of sperm, paraffine, or white wax, about the size of a walnut, is usually added. When ready to be ironed, the linen is laid upon the table and moistened very slightly on the surface with a clean wet cloth. It is then ironed in the usual way with a flat-iron, and is ready for the glossing operation. For this purpose a peculiar heavy flat-iron, rounded at the bottom, and polished as bright as a mirror, is used. It is pressed firmly upon the linen and rubbed with much force, and this frictional action puts on the gloss. "Elbow grease" is the principal secret connected with the art of glossing linen.—*Scientific American.*

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pick out the finest quinces, pare them, and cut them in halves, or in rings; take the best of the parings and the seed, and boil them in water till they are very soft; strain the liquor, and have the kettle cleaned again; wash and weigh the quinces, and give them their weight in sugar; put the sugar in the water the parings were boiled in; skim it, and put in the quinces; let them boil very slowly till clear; take them up on dishes, and boil the syrup longer.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Have sweet, white clingstone peaches, pare and stone them; to each pound take a pound of sugar made in a syrup, put the peaches in, and when they look clear take them up on dishes; let the syrup boil longer.

PRESERVED GOOSEBERRIES.—Take the large gooseberries, pick off the stems and blossoms, give them their weight in sugar; put them in the kettle alternately, with the sugar, and pour over them a pint of water to four pounds of fruit; let them boil gently till the scum arises; when this is taken off, let them cook faster; when clear, take them up on dishes, and boil the syrup longer.

EGG STAIN.—To remove the stains on spoons caused by using them for boiled egg, take a little common salt moist between the thumb and finger, and briskly rub the stain, which will soon disappear.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RASPBERRY JAM.—1 quart raspberries and 1 pint currant jelly bruised well together; set them over a slow fire, stirring till it boils; after boiling five minutes, cool and pour into glasses.

ANOTHER.—Weigh equal quantities of sugar and berries; put the fruit into a kettle and break it with a silver ladle, stirring continually; let it boil fast; when the watery particles are evaporated, add the sugar; let it cook slowly half hour; put in jars, and secure from the air.

SYRUPS.—Chemist's rule for syrups is 2½ lbs. sugar to 1 pint liquid; simmer it only.

SASSAFRAS MEAD.—Mix gradually into 2 quarts boiling water 4 lbs. brown sugar, 1½ pints molasses, and ½ lb. tartaric acid. Stir well, and, when cool, add 5 cent's worth essence sassafras, strain and bottle. One tablespoonful in half glass of water, 1 salt spoonful of carbonate of soda, *well stirred*, will make it foam to the top.

CREAM NECTAR.—7 lbs. white sugar, ½ oz. epsom salts; 1 oz. cream tartar, 4 quarts water, 6 table-spoonfuls flour, mixed in 1 pint water, and the beaten whites of 6 eggs. Mix all together, and put in a kettle over the fire; when steam rises, skim off the top; soon as it boils take it off and add 4 oz. tartaric acid; stir well, and strain and bottle. Four tablespoonfulls in half tumbler of cold water, stir in one salt spoon of car-soda, and drink immediately.

☞ Men, being commonly out of doors, hear whatever is in the wind, and are the coarser mills in which all gossip is rudely digested or cracked up before it is emptied into finer and more delicate hoppers within doors.

☞ It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 26, 31, 42, 16, 32, 45, 46, is a sea in Asia.
My 9, 7, 6, 10, 20, 49, 55, 60, is a lake in the United States.
My 26, 24, 9, 47, 4, 32, 34, is a country in Europe.
My 18, 11, 31, 46, 40, 25, is an island in Oceanica.
My 35, 25, 57, 56, 42, is a country in Asia.
My 56, 49, 21, 8, 16, is a river in Africa.
My 45, 44, 36, 42, 23, 37, is a city in the United States.
My 1, 20, 29, 30, 7, 9, is a mountain in Asia.
My 16, 14, 49, 23, 5, is a river in Germany.
My 39, 42, 37, 27, 57, is an island in the West Indies.
My 24, 59, 41, 55, 27, 43, is a city in South America.
My 13, 15, 34, 60, is a cape in the United States.
My 8, 21, 37, 6, 38, is a country in Africa.
My 28, 11, 18, 31, 20, 17, is a bay in the United States.
My 48, 19, 55, 58, 45, is a river in Texas.
My 52, 55, 50, is a river in France.
My 51, 60, 32, 53, 9, 54, 39, is a gulf in Italy.
My 54, 28, 32, 4, is a river in Germany.
My 33, 7, 30, 49, 33, 2, is a city in Germany.
My 9, 13, 24, 8, 34, 9, is a cape of Florida.

My whole was an event which caused a great sensation throughout this country and Europe.

Philadelphia. REPARD.

NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A coin and a town in Massachusetts.
A kind of food, to be sick, and a weight.
To divulge a secret.
A piece of iron and what some people are.
A command and a wicked person.
A metal and a piece of land.
A fortification and a tride.
A color and a bird when transposed.
A kind of mine and two-thirds of an era.
To set on fire and a part of a ship.

Warren, Vt. HARP DAVIS.

CHARADE.

A tinker sat at work one day,
And sang, to drive dull care away;
When a careful old woman a kettle did bring,
And said *my first*; he ceased to sing,
And, laying his tools upon the ground,
He took the kettle and turned it round,
And giving it back, *my second*, he cried.
The woman took it with grief and sighed,
And, going away, was soon out of sight,
When my *whole* came in view in a pitiful plight.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find three square numbers, (whole numbers if possible,) such that if any one of them be added to the square root of either of the other two, the sum shall be a square.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a man out hunting, he sees a squirrel on a tree, the trunk of which is 200 feet from him and 130 feet high, and there is a limb projecting directly out 6 feet, on the end of which is the squirrel. The man is 5 feet 6 inches high, and his gun 3 feet 4 inches long; how far will the ball go from the end of the gun to the squirrel, and how long will the squirrel be in falling to the ground from the time the ball hits him?

W. P. CORRY.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Says Henry to Jackson, my father gave me 7 apples more than he gave my brother Thomas; and the difference of the squares of our respective parcels was 301. How many apples did he give each? PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a drummer-boy and a pound of meat? Ans.—One weighs a pound and the other pounds away.

☞ When are gloves unsaleable? Ans.—When they are kept on hand.

☞ Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man? Ans.—Because they have a head and no eyes.

☞ What town of England speaks of man's most joyous and most mournful day? Ans.—Wednesbury.

☞ Where does a young lady give herself away? Ans.—Wherever she presents herself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Parson Brownlow's heroic daughter. CHARADE.—Industrious. (Ian-dust-rye-us.) DOUBLE REBUS.—New York, New York. (Nun, Eve, Willow, Yeomanry, Ohio, Remember, Kirk.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—30, 40, 50 and 60. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—1134 square feet; $7,89¼.

Answer to Thomas J. Johns' ENIGMA, published July 5th.—The battle of Agincourt. Peter Vasey, Lynnville, Morgan County, Illinois; and David Croskey, Bakerstown, Allegany County, Pennsylvania.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, published June 14.—50 and 80 perches.

Clinton Co., Ohio. DAVID WICKERSHAM.

Artemas Martin wishes to correct his answer to S. G. Cagrolo's PROBLEM of March 1st.—The segments are all equal and each contains 24.07233869 acres.

Answer to S. G. Cagrolo's MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published June 21.—The dividing line must be about 9 inches from the chord towards the arc. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

S. G. C. gives .8073894 feet.